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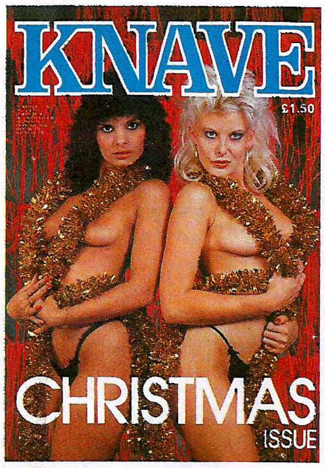
CHRISTMAS ISSUE

KNAVE

VOLUME 18 CHRISTMAS ISSUE



COVER BY
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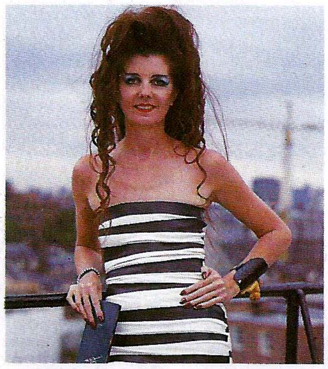

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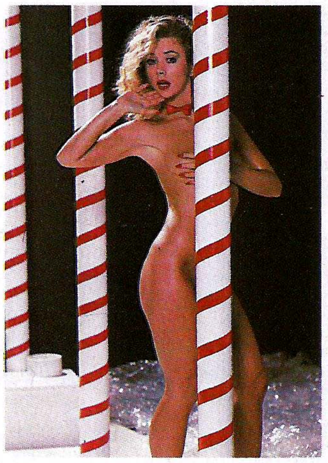


108 SNATCH FROM THE PAST
Knave's ancient history

CAUGHT IN THE ACT!

HOT GOBLINS

So they found Eve in the blurb merchants' stockings did they? The transvestite tendencies (not a political party, I hasten to add) in that office seem to be running riot these days. And what those psychotic ramblings about bloody Narnia are in aid of, fuck knows. Must be something in the mince pies — perhaps they're hobbit forming!

COOK ME

I really don't think they've done their research on Voleta. Private investigations by my Street Arabs reveal that this one-time tart turned cook once plagued the Dorchester chronically and then drove the Ritz crackers before becoming a sort of floating sideshow around some of London's less orthodox restaurants.

So next time you're offered a wine list on which every vintage is '69, or you see Massaged Breasts of Volette and French Kiss Roll on the menu, don't simply assume you're looking at a misprint — ask to inspect the preparation area. "Amazing the things you can do in a sparsely equipped kitchen," says our blurbist, on which point he is for once quite right. She calls it sparsely sauce . . .

SPOTS AND STRIPES

Meet Redinka. You can tell she's Danish by the way she sizzles. It may just be that the managing director of this awesome organ is lying on his back beneath the floorboards, in which case that dingus (sic) between Redinka's thighs stands as ample proof that the old lecher should have visited the clinic long ago. I told you to see the doctor when they were only spots, you wally.

On the other hand, it could well be a barber's pole, in which case she may have just had a shave. The way that thing is positioned who can tell. Mess around here if you really want to, but I'm off to page 103 to find out.

POST- OPERATIVE CARE?

I note that a Warwickshire woman claimed last summer that she had been visited by a police detective after she wrote to Ronald Reagan to let him know that she considered him a senile old fool. You may, as I do, feel that it is coming to something when Inspector Knacker feels obliged to drop in on you for raspberrying a superannuated American actor who just happens to reside, to mankind's misfortune, in the White House. Thoughts that the authorities might just have been indulging in some extra-curricular literary criticism, and letting the lady know that they felt her use of understatement to be over-subtle for the epistolary form, were dashed by the discovery that Rugby police were regarding the letter as a threat to the President's life. Hmm . . .

Now if Ronnie really wants to know what a threatening letter looks like, he would do well to inspect the missive sent to a key witness in an Italian criminal trial last spring which contained a piece of human tongue! An accompanying note was said to have warned the fragment of flesh belonged to a friend of the witness and that if he did not withdraw his evidence it would next be a member of his family that suddenly developed a speech impediment.

It strikes me that there might be certain commendable aspects to this method of communication. My tax inspector, for example, is currently expecting a letter from me, couched in the usual grovelling terms (he imagines), which might just be brightened up by a rather . . . er . . . meatier content than is my normal wont. And come to think of it, it is bout time the cat was neutered . . .

CAUGHT SHORT

THE SOLVIG SOLUTION

Typical. When El Gutto met Solvig she was struggling to get her bonfire going. At the sight of El Gutto, she said "C'mon baby, light my fire." Whereupon, in a fit of deliberate misunderstanding, he whisked her away for his nefarious attentions. But, to be fair, he is generous, after he'd finished with Solvig he lent her his clothes — as you can see by the picture.

DYNAMIC DUO

Who the hell would want to hijack El Gutto and his cronies? According to the blurb writer that's precisely what happened before the staff Christmas party. Now if it had been Shivani and Alison I could understand it, they're a pair that this Guttersnipe wouldn't mind holding himself!

WIGAN WONDER

Linda Jones is this month's Amateur, and is said to have made an impression on "most of the members of this office." I expect they use the word 'members' advisedly.

According to the potted biography, Linda has spent most of her life in towns that I've studiously avoided, but where the yeast-addicted Editor would doubtless be able to point you to "a charming if basic establishment (spit, sawdust and semen stains on the barmaid's apron), where one can procure a fine measure of Pemble's Old Dickdrooper and home made faggots straight from the wood."

Wigan, in particular, is a region in which I know for a fact the natives live on nothing but pies. Mind you (and considering Linda) fur pies would, on the other hand, be a different matter entirely.

CHACUN A SON GOÛT

Joline is French, they tell me. But of course. I mean, such a fucking French *name*, isn't it? Wouldn't for a minute make you think of Tennessee country warblers or some daft tart with a non-speaking part in *The Archers* . . .

And what images of the Gallic variety does she arouse in our writers, you may wonder? Do they muse on snails, and note the trails she leaves when sliding knickerless down the bannister? Do they note her nice pair of Frog's legs? Would they even like to deliver well-padded French Letter? No, they ramble on about bleedin' existentialist philosophers, that's what. Fuck me, where does El Gutto, the gross Editor and all-round gourmand, find these people?

In my day you gave the average caption writer a picture like this and he made a mess in his Y-fronts. Bung these buggers a bird, a beach and a banished bikini and they start worrying about whether Hugo killed Hoerderer as a political statement or in a fit of jealousy, or if it's true that hell is comprised of the people you have to share it with! Hope the bastards caught crabs . . .

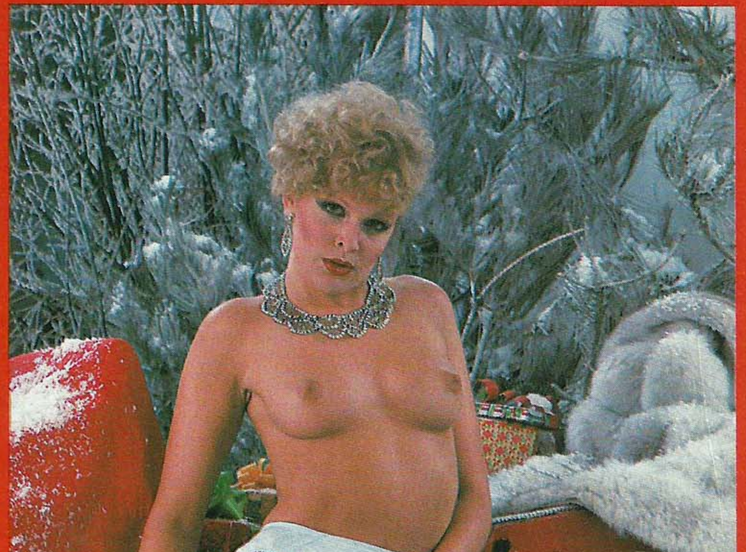
By W.F. GUTTERSNIPE

It had been snowing in this neck of the wardrobe. Eve, a strange girl, started to disrobe and chuckle about snowballs. And then, I was seized. A lion held onto one of my legs, a witch clung onto the other. All I could do was watch as Eve did her stuff.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY EDWARD HOLZMAN

EVE

Guess what I found in my Christmas stockings? Yeah, it was Eve. Getting her out of the stockings was no problem. And after a few mince pies she was more than eager to meet me under the mistletoe. I'd just got up to the good bit – talking about golden grottos and the like – when I realised that we'd fallen through the back of the wardrobe and stumbled into another world.



Eventually, the lion and the witch let go to shout encores. Now was my chance. I moved forward only to be grabbed by a gang of evil gnomes who promptly threw me back out through the wardrobe.

Long have I sought for another entrance into that strange world where I once almost had a pleasant Christmas Eve . . .

THE KNAVE INTERVIEW

Dogging, Florence Nightingale and The Sex Maniac's Diary. What's the connection? NEIL GAIMAN reveals all (horrible thought!) as he engages Tuppy Owens in dirty talk.

THE SHY SEX EXPERT!

Tuppy Owens operates from a basement flat near Hyde Park. The flat, (a combination of living space, work area, library, museum, herb garden and orthodox housecleaner's nightmare) is the nerve centre of Tuppy's most famous institution: a slim annual volume known as the *Sex Maniac's Diary*. Tuppy edits it. She is the brains behind it, the creative force, and most of the staff. In addition, she is the brains behind the Outsiders — an organisation that helps the handicapped find sexual partners.

The first time I met her was with the Editor of Knave, who was seeing Tuppy about a series he had commissioned from her, concerning her travels and enquiries for the *Sex Maniac's Diary*. That was Tuppy Owens (Tuppy is a childhood nickname; short for *tuppence ha'penny*) the businesswoman and journalist.

When I saw her for this interview I hardly recognised her. The businesswomen was replaced by a femme fatale in a rubber zebra-striped dress, with a toy leopard on her arm and perilously high heels. After a photo session on the roof, we repaired down to Tuppy's place, and began talking. It wasn't long before I was struck by the essential dichotomy of Ms Owen's personality. On the one hand, outspoken about sex and a qualified sex therapist, on the other hand, someone who is both private and, possibly, rather shy. She may have seen sexual sights that would turn most people's blood to black pudding, but, as she pointed out, she normally wound up getting the bus home, alone . . .

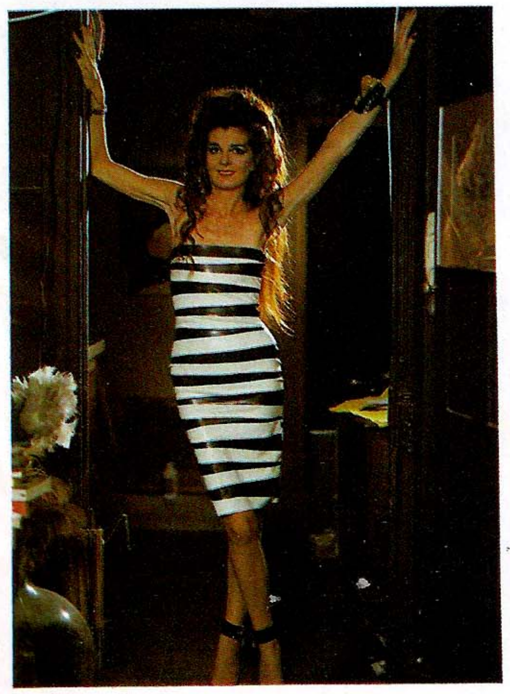
Knave: You've been described as the Florence Nightingale of Sex . . .

Tuppy: Yes. That's a great description. I'm really pleased with that one. Did you know she used to live in this street?

Knave: How did you get into sex, as a profession, as it were?

Tuppy: I was working for a company that had a printing company attached to it, and it produced sex books which

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN COPTHORNE



Continued from previous page

were really awful. So I decided I wanted to do some myself, to show these men up. I did a love positions book called Sexual Harmonies — I found the most lovely looking girl and boy that I could, then spent an afternoon, with them jumping all over the bed and obviously enjoying themselves. And it was very different to all the very stiff position books that had been coming out before then, with people looking like matchsticks, and it was a very good seller. I'd only done it for fun, so I didn't have any money in it, but I used to go round selling the books to all the little sex shops, and I made a living really selling my books. I bought at one price and sold at a bit more. Then I did about four more books and published them myself, then I did the *Sex Maniac's Diary* and that sold so much better than anything else that I just concentrated on that.

Knave: How did you actually come up with the *Sex Maniac's Diary* idea?

Tuppy: Really, what happened was someone said they'd give me a diary for Xmas and they didn't. It was in January, and all the shops had sold out of diaries and I thought 'well, anyway, they're all boring. It would be so much nicer if every time you turn the page there was some really sexy thing to look at to cheer you up.' So I thought I'd do that for me: get a blank diary and fix it so every time I turned the page there'd be something for me.

Then I thought, it's a good idea. It's commercial. Everybody thought it was completely mad — all my friends told me I was bonkers, and nobody wanted to help me on it because they thought it was so silly. But now I get lots of help — well it's grown; the first one was very small — the latest is 196 pages.

This was back in 1973. It sold 20,000 copies in about 2 weeks. These days it sells about 100,000 copies world wide, every year.

Knave: Was there any initial resistance to the idea?

Tuppy: Only when I went to register the name at Stationer's Hall. They didn't want to register it as they felt it was encouraging the kind of people who shouldn't be encouraged. No other resistance.

Knave: What's the basic Philosophy behind the *Sex Maniac's Diary?*

Tuppy: It's really to give people who like sex all the information and fun that they possibly can.

Part of it's a bit of a piss-take of the, you know, the boy-scout's diary — it's just as serious, but you can't really take sex that seriously. Just because I do take it that seriously most people think it's an absolute hoot! Which is fine. If, in the meantime, I manage to make people happier because I've put them in touch with other people like themselves, or made them feel more comfortable about the way they are, well, that's fine.

My purpose is to entertain and to inform and to make people feel relaxed about the way they are. Either 'well, other people are doing it too,' or 'well, if there are all these weird people in the world, then I suppose I'm quite normal. But it's fascinating, the mail — especially from the States, there are organisations starting up there, every day a package arrives telling me about a new group. Today it was the, uh, Polyfidelitists organization. A sort of sex commune.

Earlier this year I went round the States just visiting all the people that I'd listed. If I can get away I try to visit the places I list and see what they're up to . . .

Knave: Has anyone been outraged by the *Diary*?

Tuppy: No. Radical sex-hating feminists don't like it. Nor do the Mary Whitehouse brigade. The only other complaint was from a woman who wrote and said she'd asked for a red diary for Xmas, and the god-daughter had got her that, and since it wasn't her thing, could I send her another red diary. Bit of a cheek, really, but I did.

Knave: I believe you are a qualified sexologist?

"She may have seen sights that would turn most people's blood to black pudding, but she went home, alone."

Tuppy: I'm a trained sex therapist, done two years of training, mostly because of the Outsider's club that I run, but also because I'd got quite isolated as I'm the only person doing this sort of thing. It was good to do a course. I don't think there's such a thing as a sexologist . . . maybe there is.

Knave: Tell me about the Outsider's club.

Tuppy: It's a club that helps people find partners who are physically or socially disabled. And it's run by volunteers, and they get together and have newsletters. It's all good fun, because a lot of them had given up on ever finding a partner. It's *really* satisfying. Of course there are people who don't get what they want, but it works a bit, and a bit's enough in this case.

Knave: And what about the series of articles you'll be doing for Knave?

Tuppy: Oh, that's really exciting. It's all the experiences of finding things out for any work I'm doing. Most of the investigative stuff is quite amusing . . .

Knave: What kind of things are we going to read about?

Tuppy: (Pause) . . .

Knave: I noticed the article on *Dogging* . . .

Tuppy Yes. I just got my Dogger's certificate. That was amazing. I went out in these cars with these Doggers, who all get together by CB or by following each other. Then you park in a car park and if nothing's happening you take off, and then everyone else thinks you know where the action is, so they follow you. And they go for miles — up to 50 or 60 miles in an evening until they run across some exhibitionists or swappers. Most of them are real peepers, but then again, the people they peep at go there to be peeped at, so it's all right.

The last time I went we parked right next to a couple who were screwing in their car, and the guy kept looking up to make sure that I was still looking. And I realised I wasn't a voyeur at all — I really couldn't cope with it. The people in my car were saying 'you've got to keep looking otherwise he won't be able to come!' Then I gave up and drove off . . . I wasn't a very good Dogger . . .

Knave: Do you often find yourself out of your depth?

Tuppy: There was one time . . . but most of the time I am, yeah. I'm not a swinger, I'm not fetishistic, I'm not a bondage or S&M person so I'm forever the person having to get the bus home!

I can vaguely get into the idea of a lot of these things, like swinging, but I just don't want to do it. you know. Sexually I'm a very private person so it doesn't really suit me to stay around at those things.

One of the interesting things about the States is the different rituals among the interesting S&M groups I met. Swinging's at a low ebb with the AIDS scare. I saw some gorgeous swing houses in California. Perfect for group sex, like the infinity rooms, with 100s and 100s of mirrors on the wall. Quite incredible.

Knave: I get the impression they've a different bondage scene in the US. In the UK it's all stubby women in leather jackets flogging businessmen . . .

Tuppy: In the US they're much more into teasing and subtle forms of deprivation. When they come to England they think it's all very crude. 'All they do is whip and slap — no mental control or power games . . .'

Knave: Have you seen a lot of changes since you first started doing the Sex Maniacs' Diary?

Tuppy: Well, yeah. I think people have become . . . they mix more *caring* with their rampancy. Before, people divided themselves up into their sexual side and their being nice to people side. It's coming together much more. I don't know if that's really true but that's how it seems.

Knave: What are your plans for the future?

Tuppy: Well I'm very lucky. I've got the three things. The Outsider's club, which is satisfying. The *Sex Maniac's Diary*, which is moneymaking and a bit glamourous. And there's also the sex therapy, which I don't do very much of, because I don't have the time.

Knave: What kind of mail do you get?

Tuppy: An enormous mixture. Quite a lot saying 'Can you help me? I like to whatever . . .' It's always difficult to answer. I get letters from people telling me things wrong in the *Sex Maniac's Diary*, which is what I want. I want them to tell me what clubs have closed down . . .

Knave: Which bit of research for the diary has been the most fun?

Tuppy: Anything that's new. This year I've gotten into computer billboards. Do you know about them?

Knave: Computer billboards? No . . .

Tuppy: They're brilliant. In America and a few other countries you can plug into your computer and talk to people. You can say 'I want to talk to people who are into (say) bondage or homosexuality' and home into that channel. See what people say, decide who you want to talk to. Then when you find someone you want to talk to you can narrow down and switch all the other people off, and have a private conversation, using a computer, with someone who might be halfway around the world. It's really good fun. (It can be a bit expensive though.) But that was exciting to find out about. But really it's just exciting to find out anything I didn't know before.

Knave: Where do you see future of sex going?

Tuppy: I see people deciding what they want. There'll be organisations for more specific things. Like in the swinging world there are different types of swinging — obviously wife-swapping is different to group sex parties which is different to parties where people play with each other but no-one has intercourse. I think that people will decide what they want and be able to find it more easily. Something like Computer Billboard, where you can find what you want immediately. So there won't be the problem of feeling isolated, unable to find the partner they want.

Too many people get so isolated — they don't meet people who want what they want.

"The bondage scene is different in the US. In the UK it's stubby women in leather jackets flogging businessmen."

Continued from previous page

Knave: So do you believe there could be a right and a wrong in sex?

Tuppy: Um . . . People's attitudes. Um, I was at a party the other day, and I asked this macho guy all these questions, and he gave me all these answers that seemed very anti-women. Then I asked this very sensitive girl the same questions and she gave me almost the same answers . . . you expect different things of different people. I think this is an awful time to be alive sexually. You've got so many people being defensive. You've got the feminists worried about doing the wrong thing and everybody's very unrelaxed about just getting on and enjoying sex . . .

Knave: So how do you see your position in the world of sex?

Tuppy: Quite unique, as it goes across the whole spectrum from the very frivolous to the very serious. I'm always getting the television and radio ringing up to ask for information on things . . . it would be nice if they paid you. I don't know what my position is. What do you think?

Knave: Absolutely. What is your lifestyle?

Tuppy: Varies. Some days I'll work 'till two in the morning. Other days I'll get up at mid-day with a hangover, and go out soon after.

Knave: And what are your own sexual interests?

Tuppy: Well, I'm very private. I'm into men — one at a time usually. I'm very conservative. The things I find attractive in a man, I suppose — as I'm getting older I seem to like younger guys. I seem to get very bored with people who seem to have stopped thinking life's exciting. Most people have stopped going out and being exciting by the time they're 22. So I like people who aren't in ruts.

Knave: Do you ever find yourself being propositioned because you are the editor of The Sex Maniac's Diary?

Tuppy: I suppose so. Yes. It's impossible to seduce me though. I'm unseduceable. If I don't like somebody who wants me to go to bed with them, well, no way.

I really like people who are sexually outrageous. People who do spontaneously wild sexual things. Who aren't inhibited. Not that they're the people I'd necessarily want to live with, but they are amusing . . .

Knave: What are your views on pornography?

Tuppy: I think pornography's *wonderful!* But most of it's dull. I like it as long as it's erotic. I didn't like the films I was in very much, because I'm not really very exhibitionistic. I was in a film but I didn't do anything. In it I was teaching a woman how to pleasure her husband's bum, and I brought this briefcase out full of torches and feathers and I told her what to do from a distance, which was quite nice.

Knave: You don't strike me as someone who would feel comfortable fucking on camera.

Tuppy: No. I thought I would. When I did the first one I really thought I'd like it, but I couldn't bear it. You have to do exactly what you're told . . . it's like being tied up. It wasn't very nice.

Knave: What was the funniest sexual experience you've ever had?

Tuppy: I'm not telling you! Oh dear. No, they're too rude. (*Under pressure from myself and the photographer she relents and tells one*) But of course you couldn't print that. (*Damn right*) I'm afraid they're all that disgusting . . .

Knave: Have you ever found yourself surprised, sexually?

Tuppy: Always. That's why I like sex so much. You always think you know everything, then the next day you realise you've learned something new about yourself and the other person. I'm not being a very easy interview, am I? I'm sorry.

Knave: 'S'okay. Are people often surprised to meet you and find you are not as they'd imagined?

"I think pornography's wonderful! But most of it's very dull. I like it as long as it's erotic . . ."

Tuppy: Absolutely, yes. I went for an interview at Thames, and they came down to pick me up, and they asked 'where is she?' I said 'It's me' and they just didn't believe me. I suppose they'd imagined some voluptuous creature . . . But it's quite good that, isn't it? To break the stereotypes down. I think I'm just being able to cope with that. I don't know if it worries me.

Knave: Not being voluptuous?

Tuppy: Not being exactly what they expect. I suppose I always have a bit of a complex that I should look different.

Knave: Have you tried out the things you recommend in the diary?

Tuppy: I suppose I've done all the things, or most of them, in the *Diary* . . . it's just that I haven't done them *much*. I've either done them in private or done them as a prank. I haven't done infantilism, where people dress up in nappies.

Knave: Is there anything you'd never do?

Tuppy: I'd never rape anybody. I'd like to think I'd never pay anybody for sex, but I don't know . . . I'm not *that* old yet. I'm pretty sure I wouldn't get into heavy flagellation. I don't think I could ever be a wifeswapper. I couldn't bear to be left over, when my husband had chosen the wife, so I had to go and fuck the husband.

There have been lots of swappers clubs that had opened up recently, and a few of them are closing, just getting the same old faces. So I said to someone who runs one recently, why don't you just go to an ordinary nightclub or pub, and let people mix, and he said 'But what if some single guys came over and chatted up the wives. The husbands wouldn't be getting anything for it, would they?' I said 'What? You mean they are so insecure they only let their wives fuck other people so they can fuck the wives?' He said it's sort of like that. Pathetic . . .

Knave: Do you often find yourself offering moral judgements?

Tuppy: Not really. It's pathetic to me. But if that's how they want it . . .

Knave: How do you get on with crowds and strangers?

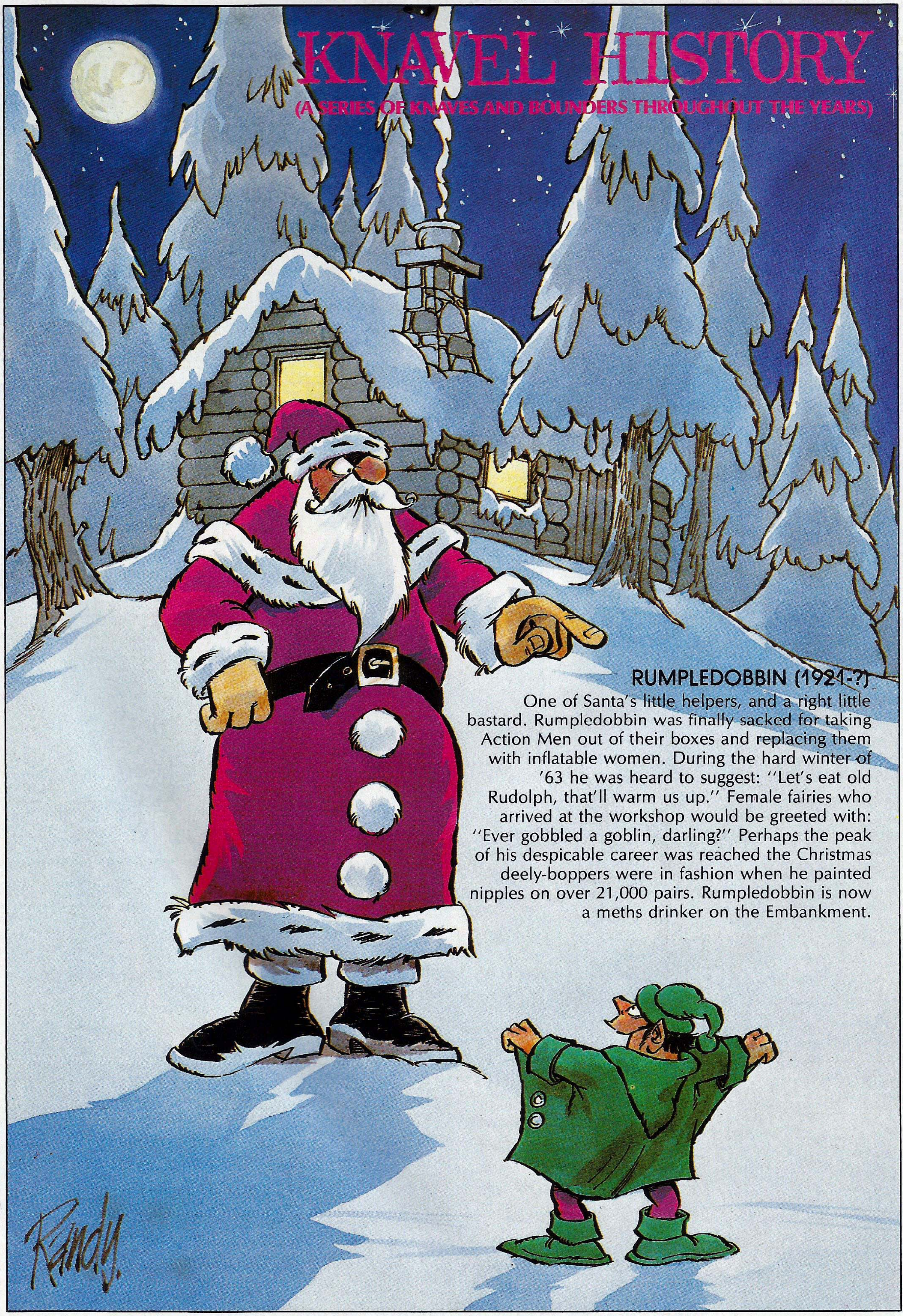
Tuppy: Not very well. Well, all-right. I mean, I'm shy but I don't necessarily get into wild situations.

Knave: What's the most interesting thing you've seen on your travels?

Tuppy: (Pause) . . . Um . . . They'll just have to wait till they read my column — it's all amazing. Some of it is just the most unlikely people doing the most bizarre things . . . It'll all be in my column. And it's all true. You can tell them that.

KNAVEL HISTORY

(A SERIES OF KNAVES AND BOUNDERS THROUGHOUT THE YEARS)



RUMPLEDOBBIN (1921-?)

One of Santa's little helpers, and a right little bastard. Rumpledobbin was finally sacked for taking Action Men out of their boxes and replacing them with inflatable women. During the hard winter of '63 he was heard to suggest: ''Let's eat old Rudolph, that'll warm us up.'' Female fairies who arrived at the workshop would be greeted with: ''Ever gobbled a goblin, darling?'' Perhaps the peak of his despicable career was reached the Christmas deely-boppers were in fashion when he painted nipples on over 21,000 pairs. Rumpledobbin is now a meths drinker on the Embankment.

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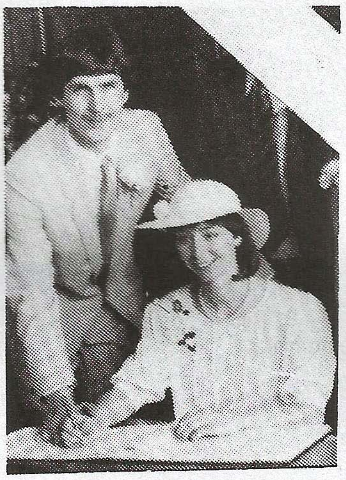
Our friendly staff *do care* and are genuinely keen to see that suitable partners are found ... *and* within reasonable travelling distance. Not everyone will be on your doorstep, but our helpful Staff will make sure you meet a lot of new and compatible friends ... none too far away.

Nigel and Karen. (W. Yorkshire).



Nigel had been working late most nights as a Computer Programmer. I'd nearly given up hope when he answered the phone that week-end ... We met, and thanks to Datalink, were married on April 4th.

Who joins Datalink?

In simple terms ... everyone! We have Members of all ages and from every walk of life. Professional, manual, students ... yes even titled people.
They are discerning people who have chosen a sensible, and mature way to meet others with the same interests, lifestyles and aspirations.
And our Service is STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL

Personal Service ..

Phone anytime, any day, (up to 10.00 p.m.) and more than likely *someone*, not an answering machine, will help you with your queries. For we care in the more practical ways too ... Immediately, directly, and with all the advantages of modern computer technology ... No heavy correspondence, no ancient filing methods ... On the contrary ... we have a dedicated Staff providing a fast, efficient and *personalised* service.

Maxine and Terry (Kent).

Joining Datalink was the best move we ever made ... We are completely compatible and thrilled to be getting married in September.

INEXPENSIVE COMPUTER DATING

FREE

COMPUTER TEST

1000s of delighted Members have completed our Questionnaire. Why not fill in this simple version. We will send you FREE and in COMPLETE CONFIDENCE full information about Datalink AND details of just ONE OF THE MANY Datalink Members who we feel you would like to meet.

Please process the completed questionnaire, send me full information on Datalink, AND details of someone you believe will be compatible. I understand that this is FREE and WITHOUT OBLIGATION.

I am over 17. **START HERE**

Occupation ____________

Nationality ____________

Your Sex (M/F) ____________

Your Height ________ Your Age ________

Age range of person you wish to meet Min ____ Max ____

Surname ____________

First Name ____________

Address ____________

274

YOUR PERSONALITY:

Are You

Shy ☐
Nervous ☐
Affectionate ☐
Romantic ☐
Intellectual ☐
Tolerant ☐
Outgoing ☐
Self-Confident ☐
Fun Loving ☐
Ambitious ☐
Creative ☐
Generous ☐

YOUR INTERESTS AND ACTIVITIES

If you enjoy any of the following please ✓ tick.
If you have particular dislikes please indicate with a X cross. Otherwise leave blank.

Pop Music ☐
Pub Evenings ☐
Dining Out ☐
Travelling ☐
Theatre/Cinema ☐
Walking/Cycling ☐
Committee Work ☐
Watching TV ☐
Classical Music ☐
Dancing ☐
Collecting Things ☐
Spectator Sport ☐
Poetry/Reading ☐
Gardening ☐
Conversation ☐
Museum visits ☐

For Brochure by return post, phone (0789) 750092. (24-hr Reply Service)

DATALINK: P.O. BOX 100, STRATFORD-UPON-AVON CV37 6LE

TEST DRIVE

continued from previous page

as?'' asked our friend. ''Sir,'' gasped the young man in mock horror, ''Lotus owners *never* wear pyjamas . . .!''

Before we get to the boy-racer bit there's really only the engine to describe. It sits behind the seats and ahead of the rear 'boot'; it's big, black and dirty — in the case of our car — and pushes out 160 b.h.p. from its 2174c.c's. It's the latest twin-carbed version of a design tried and trusted for many, many years, is not over-stressed in this application by any means and should produce lovely muted noises and plenty of power for many thousands of trouble-free miles.

Rarely, these days, it's actually an engine which *looks* right as well as *being* right, and if you're the sort who enjoy lifting the lid outside the pub on Sunday for your mates to have an ogle, the grime is depressing. But perhaps splash shields et al would cut the careful cooling so vital to any mid-engined design?

The 16 valve four cylinder engine is fed by twin Dellorto carbs, in far better tune than their ancestors on my old BMW. There is constant energy breakerless ignition and the smoothness and low noise levels are remarkable for an engine which was once a favourite to power Britain's rorty forest-racing Escorts and Sunbeams. In fact if you want real music in the Esprit turn off the rather disappointing Blaupunkt and give the throttle a few gentle strokes!

Sitting in the zinc-coated steel backbone chassis (the strength and longevity of which Lotus are justifiably proud) the engine is mated to a five speed box with a short-throw, snick-snick style racing change via a short, nice-to-use lever.

Ready to roll? Check all three mirrors (door mirror accuracy essential); seat/wheel dimensions; ultra-easy belt; engage neutral and tweak the Marina key. Catch it on the throttle and open your ears. Amazing how that muted burble goes with the smell of leather like peaches and cream, gin and tonic and Simon and Garfunkel! No starting problems during our week of wellying and no gear selection problems either, so into first, a few revs, up with the clutch and — is that handbrake really off? Can be deceptive, that flaccid lever, so check. Trundle away, check for a clear road and accelerate.

Now how much power do you *really* expect? You see, 160 b.h.p. sounds enough for most people, especially nestled in only 2425 lbs. of packaging, but are you anticipating a real kick in the kidneys? If so I have a slight disappointment for you. Sure, this Lotus will spin its Goodyear NCTs in 2nd on a dry road and make most saloons look silly. But beware! It won't thump you in the back with big licks of acceleration and these days it certainly won't make all saloons look silly. Your 0-60 time is 6.7 seconds and you'll have to fork out another £5460 for the 210 b.h.p. Turbocharged model to get it down to 5.5 secs.

Photographs by Mike Hacker. Thanks to Lotus Cars Ltd. of Norwich for supplying the Lotus Esprit.

Concentrate on quick, neat gearchanges, rev the engine in each gear only 6000 r.p.m. of the marked 7000 r.p.m. range and you'll show a clean pair of tail lights to most things around, right up to the top whack of 138 m.p.h. Well, Lotus *say* 138 m.p.h. and on my private six lane test track between Leeds and Manchester I saw only 130 m.p.h. and that very briefly. But I like my licence and even sober at 1.00a.m. one has to take care. Had there been a Turbo Esprit around, it could have surged past me and on up to 152 m.p.h., but £5460 for an extra 14 m.p.h. legally useable only in parts of Germany is debatable value, I'd say.

I missed the aggressive acceleration more than anything, having recently sat behind a 220 b.h.p. carburated version of this engine in an ageing but potent Lotus Sunbeam Gp B rally car. But if you're not a Mansell or Makinen in the making you'll be happy, I promise, with 160 b.h.p. Largely because the Esprit's superb handling and braking contain the power — and allow you to use it safely — in a very impressive way. Thirsty? I got 23 m.p.g. overall.

Without doubt this is the best handling, safest-feeling most enjoyable Lotus to chuck around I've ever driven, and I've driven five or six over the years. Also it's the best built by a million miles which is why the company now back it with a two year guarantee (unlimited mileage) and *eight* year anti-corrosion chassis guarantee. Talking of chassis, the very firm ride and total lack of body roll remind you you're driving a real sports car, thanks to independent suspension, racing style. And if there's a further reminder needed, the tractor suddenly turning right ahead reminds you of the 10in.-plus diameter disc brakes all round!

Driving very hard at night in the streaming wet, this car oozed ability. Shame all those saloon-racers dismiss it as just another crumpet catcher.

TEST DRIVE

There are still people in this world who think that Blue Meanies are either: the local constabulary, something threatening Pepperland or a dodgy cure for hangovers. DAVID HARDY knows better — he's been test driving one for Knave.

992 XVF
Lotus Cars

You can buy cars which are faster than the Lotus Esprit (138 m.p.h. and 0-60 in 6.7 seconds). You can buy cars which are vastly more expensive (£17,980 including taxes at the time of going to press). You can buy cars with a great deal more carrying capacity (two people, two overnight bags and one box of Kleenex only). Unbelievably, you can even find a few cars which arguably are better styled (body by Giugiaro on one of his medium to goods days, drag co-efficient 0.33).

But I absolutely defy you to find any car on the market today which comes remotely close to the Esprit's ability to influence women. To be absolutely honest with you, this car would win any World Championship Crumpet Pulling Grand Prix by a mile with Quasimodo at the wheel and the Flying Pickets as pit crew.

I look back on a driving career spanning almost as many years as I have been interested in the opposite sex — I started driving desperately late at seventeen. First came a Ford Anglia, then an Austin A40 (both with tasteful modifications and open exhausts), a Cortina GT with swivelling roof spot lamp and later a full house rally prepared Escort RS1600 with huge twin fire extinguishers and a massive insurance premium. In turn, I have to say that Beryl, Susan, Angela and Carol were suitably impressed. As I didn't acquire a place of my own until (I think) the Escort arrived, I was impressed as much by the back seat comfort of these cars as by the roadholding. In fact, memories of Angela and the Cortina on winter nights in the Pennines cause a few faint stirrings even today.

Grudgingly, at the time I had to admit that my mates with Spitfires, frog-eyed Sprites and the occasional wealthy twit with

TEST DRIVE

continued from previous page

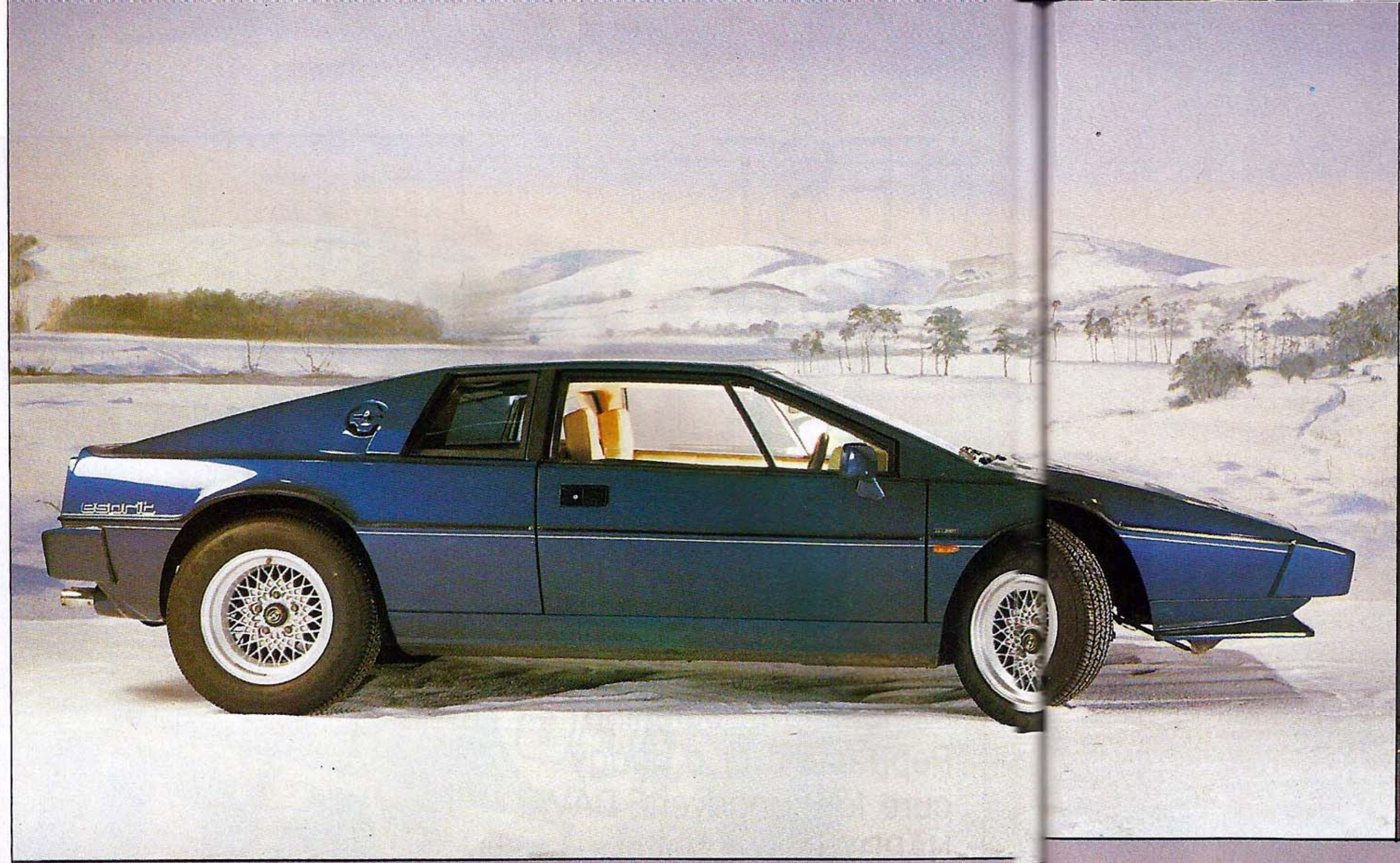
an MG-B did have, well, shall we say a higher turn-over of young lovelies in their passenger seats? Ego is a funny thing, especially in your teens and early twenties, but I really did think that those girls got so brassed off with cramp, draughty side screens and bruised knees from the dashboards that they walked out on the blokes. It really *never* occurred to me that the lads had a vastly greater selection pool to go at with their rorty little sportsters and it was *they* who issued marching orders when their co-drivers failed to perform satisfactorily.

Cramp, bruised knees and pneumonia are not potential hazards for either the pilot or co-pilot of the futuristic Esprit. Depending on your temperament the first problem or perk is that well over 50% of heads turn when the car rolls by. Introverts will feel like crawling under the leather padded fascia and quietly expiring. Extroverts and role-players will wonder why on earth they hung on to the Jaguar (or in my case the Escort) for so long.

Reclining at a Le Mans-style angle (the seats amazingly don't adjust for rake) you view the world at upper thigh level and hope to heaven that the 44in. high car isn't totally invisible to the lorry driver in the next lane. You could feel vulnerable in traffic. An ex-Lotus owner we met during the test said that high vehicles in London had chopped him up so badly and gouged his heart's delight so often that it had to go in favour of an easier-seen BMW.

Rubber rubbing strips, cleverly blended into the styling of the non-corroding composite body should protect well against more gentle coming-togethers, as should the sturdy looking, sensibly placed bumpers. In fact, when it comes to attention to detail the Esprit is a nightmare of contradictions. Let's look at a few terrific features: a rake-adjustable leather steering wheel which is almost sublime to hold; a handbrake on the right which, even when applied, drops down to avoid biting your ankles as you alight; a digital clock mounted just above the interior mirror; a single screen wiper which actually clears everything you need to see through.

On the other hand there are aspects of this hand-built super car which I would have faulted on my 1972 Escort. Although the Lotus will have been cost-engineered just as tightly as the old Ford, it would cost the Hethel whizz kids nothing to: make the top of every dash in dark matt finish to avoid the dreadful reflections in the huge screen (our car had cream leather with inset black vents, contrasting reflections which came close to being hazardous in very bright sunshine or heavy spray); splash the matt black paint about inside the 'tunnel' over the mid-mounted engine cover (try reversing in a brightly lit motorway service area as the midnight trucks are parking!); stop the futuristic fascia pod from vibrating over bad B-road surfaces; swop the fuel gauge (which one needs to watch a lot and can't because one's right hand is in the way) for the battery gauge on the left which is of far less interest; stop the low fuel warning light flashing frenetically at anything under half a tankful; make the fresh air vents effective (Ford did that with my Cortina 21 years ago); make the scuff pad to the right of the loud pedal *slippy* so your foot moves up and down easily instead of *grippy*, risking kangaroo-like throttle movements.



esprit
C992 XVF

Changes for the better which would not come 'for free' are still worth relating to give you a fuller picture of the beast. Door handles, indicator stalks, ashtrays and minor switches come, I swear, from heavily discounted Longbridge stocks with the word 'Marina' crossed out on the side of every bin. Yes, they are good at their job and I know how much such items contribute to the cost of a car, but they neither look nor feel right on a Lotus.

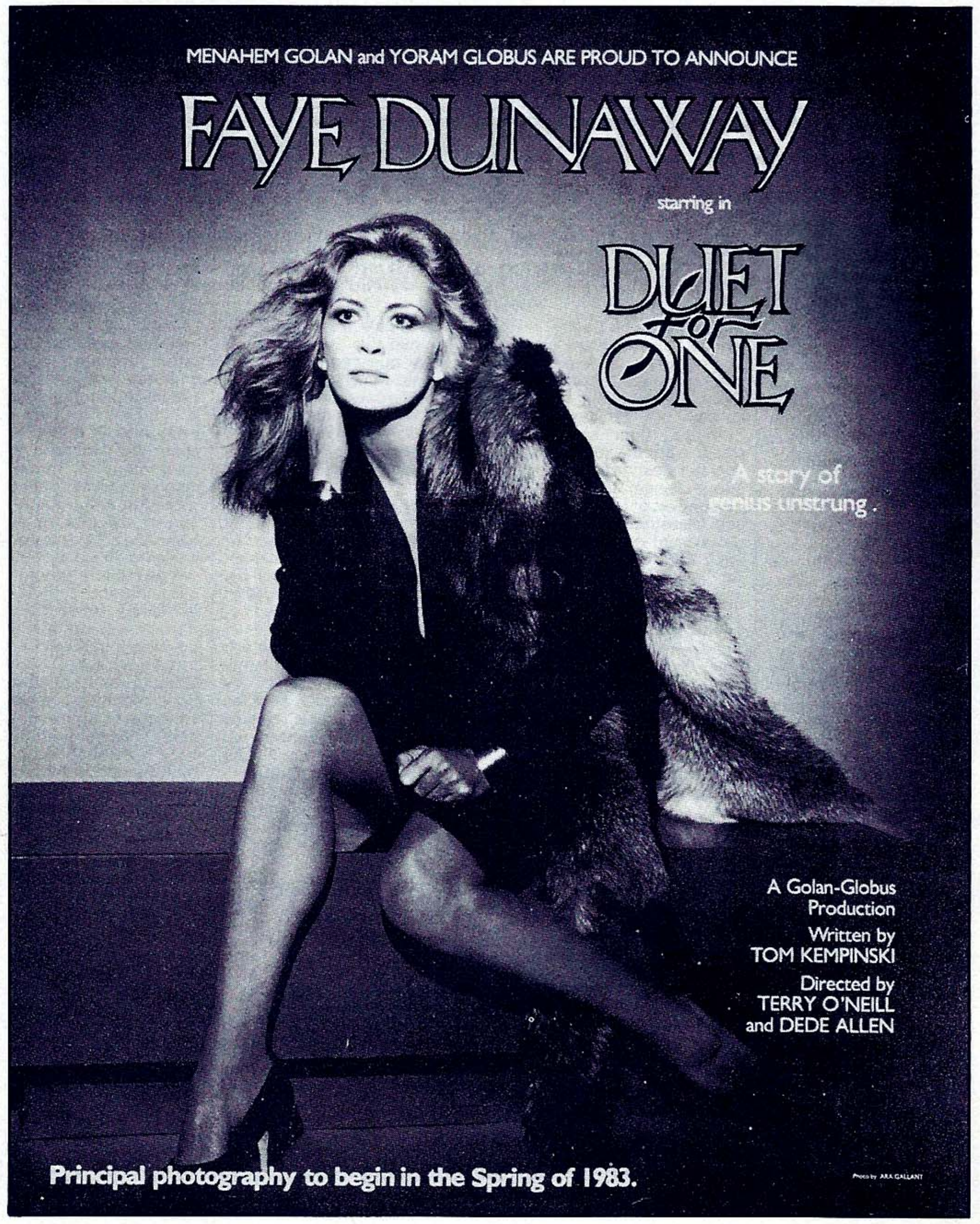
But priciest change of all would be provision for a simple brief-case space behind the seats, the one omission which really rattled my cage. If you're an average 5ft. 10in. like me (and thus have your Lotus seat fully retarded) and carry a 3¼in. thick brief case like mine then the whole Lotus would have to be lengthened, wheelbase-wise, by 3¼in. No other way could it be done!

The queue of women which built up — really — over the six days I enjoyed the Lotus included only one, Angela aged seven, who could cope with the briefcase in the cockpit. For every other effusive female I had to yank the case off the spare seat, pull the handle in the drivers' door opening to release a catch, lift the rear deck, undo the pop-fasteners of the roll-back flap covering the 'luggage boot', insert the case and reverse the process. Time consuming, frustrating in the drizzle and — poseurs will have already noted — less than smooth! Stowage inside the cockpit actually consists of a shallow dash locker, two-thirds filled in our case with a sensible fire extinguisher, and a funny marsupial pocket on the panel under the rear window capable of taking the box of Kleenex I mentioned earlier, an owners' manual and two packets of Polos. The 'boot' behind the engine might take two soft bags with carefully chosen contents: it gets *very* hot in there! The front lid conceals a spare wheel, jack etc. and a couple of inviting little spaces for other oddments.

A Lotus owner — he stopped to chat alongside in his front-engined Excel with kids' seats in the rear, an enormous boot and *exactly* the same price tag as ours — told a nice tale about those funny spaces. He had been wandering round the two cars in a show-room and asked to see under the Esprit's 'bonnet'. The superior young salesman whisked up the lid with a flourish, saying, "Here is the place for your shaving kit, sir and here is the place for your slippers."

"But where the hell do I put my pyjam-

THE MOVIES THAT TIME FORGOT


MENAHEM GOLAN and YORAM GLOBUS ARE PROUD TO ANNOUNCE
FAYE DUNAWAY
starring in
DUET for ONE
A story of genius unstrung.
A Golan-Globus Production
Written by TOM KEMPINSKI
Directed by TERRY O'NEILL and DEDE ALLEN
Principal photography to begin in the Spring of 1983.

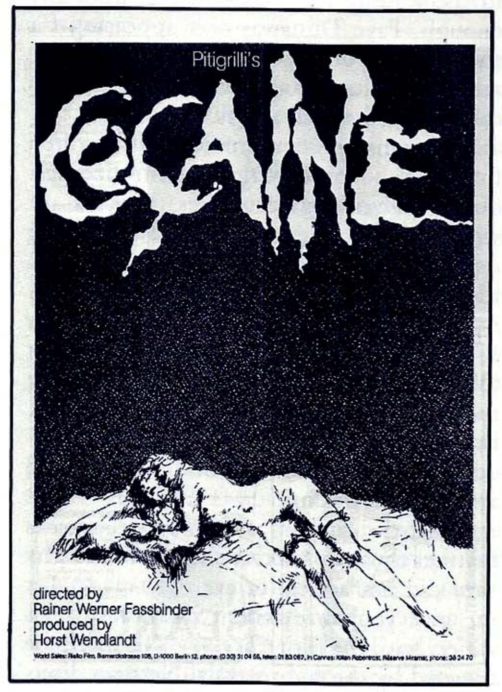
Mysterious machinations menace movie making moguls! Who's filching the flicks? WILLIAM MORTON explores the twilight zone of the films that never were.

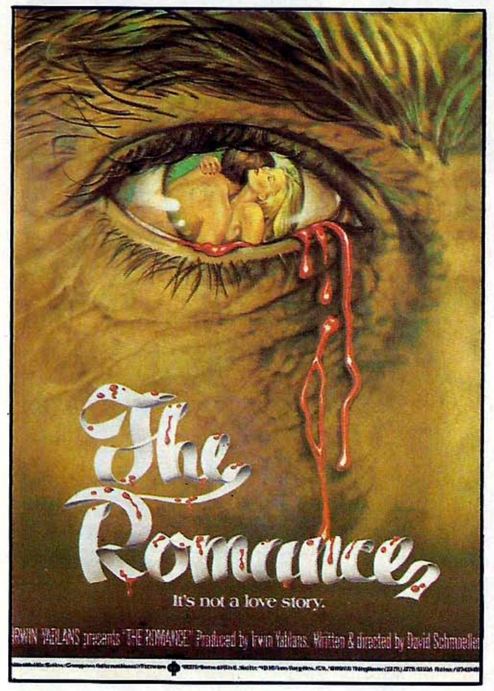
JULIE ANDREWS
ALAN BATES MAX VON SYDOW
Duet for ONE

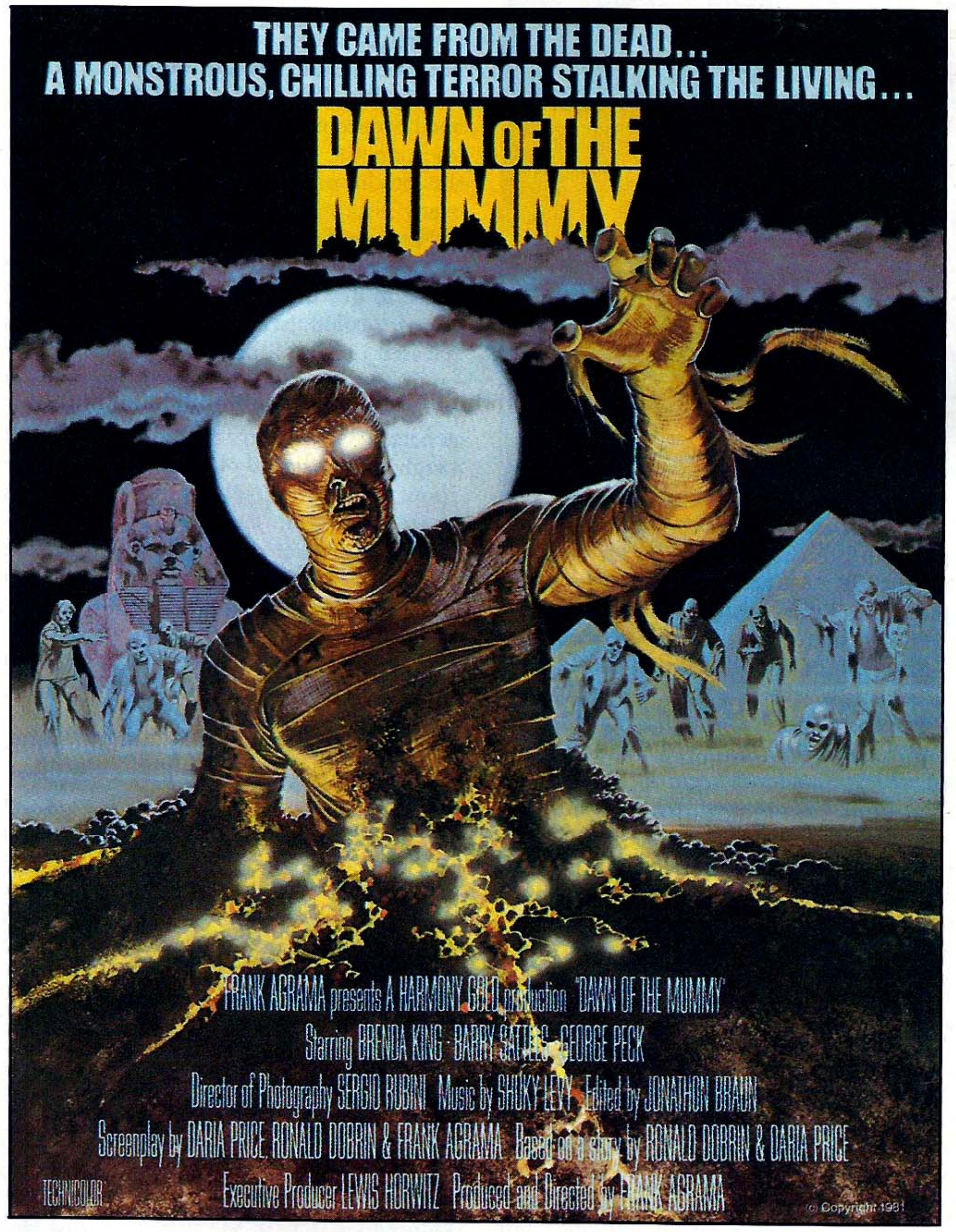
Movies are going missing! Many titles are announced, many movies are made, but not seen in cinemas. Is it a projectionists' conspiracy? A distributors' boycott? Mass hi-jack?

The best place to start is with the advertisers. They say that there is a code of practice about advertising, well, that may be true but just because a movie is announced, with cast, crew, budget etc. it does not mean it will ever be made, or alternatively it might well be made but might not bear any relation to what was intended. On the other hand there are movies which were actually finished, but it seems unlikely that they are ever going to see the light of a cinema projector in this country.

Many films are announced which do indeed get made, even though you think that they haven't. For instance, you won't have seen a film by Brian de Palma called *Personal Effects*, or Ridley Scott's film *Dangerous Days* at your cinema, what you will have seen was *Blow Out* and *Blade Runner*. Sensible producers guard against this sort of thing by qualifying the advert with the addition of 'Working Title Only'.


Pitigrilli's
COCAINE
directed by
Rainer Werner Fassbinder
produced by
Horst Wendlandt


The Romance
It's not a love story.


THEY CAME FROM THE DEAD...
A MONSTROUS, CHILLING TERROR STALKING THE LIVING...
DAWN OF THE MUMMY
FRANK AGRAMA presents A HARMONY GOLD production 'DAWN OF THE MUMMY'
Starring BRENDA KING · BARRY SATTELS · GEORGE PECK
Director of Photography SERGIO RUBINI Music by SHUKY LEVY Edited by JONATHON BRAUN
Screenplay by DARIA PRICE RONALD DOBRIN & FRANK AGRAMA Based on a story by RONALD DOBRIN & DARIA PRICE
Executive Producer LEWIS HORWITZ Produced and Directed by FRANK AGRAMA
TECHNICOLOR
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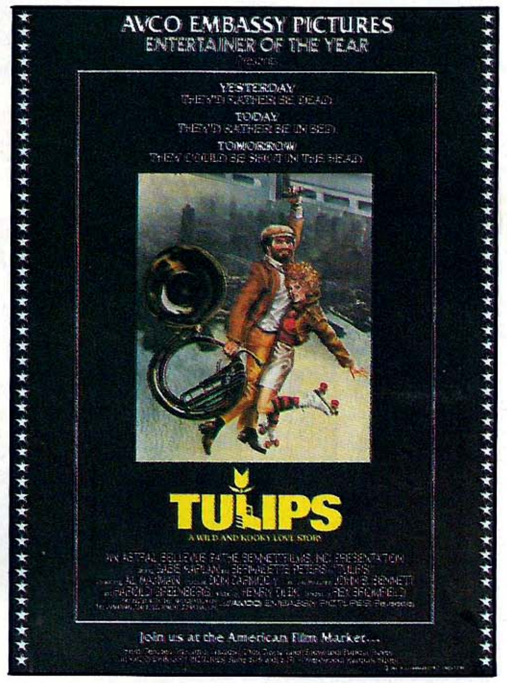
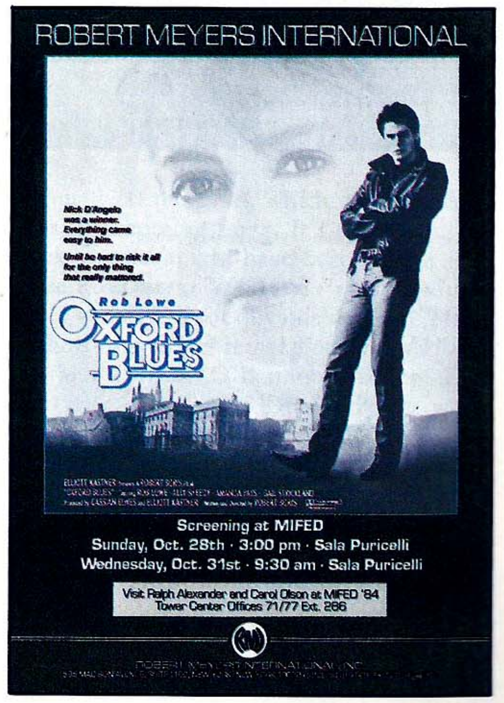
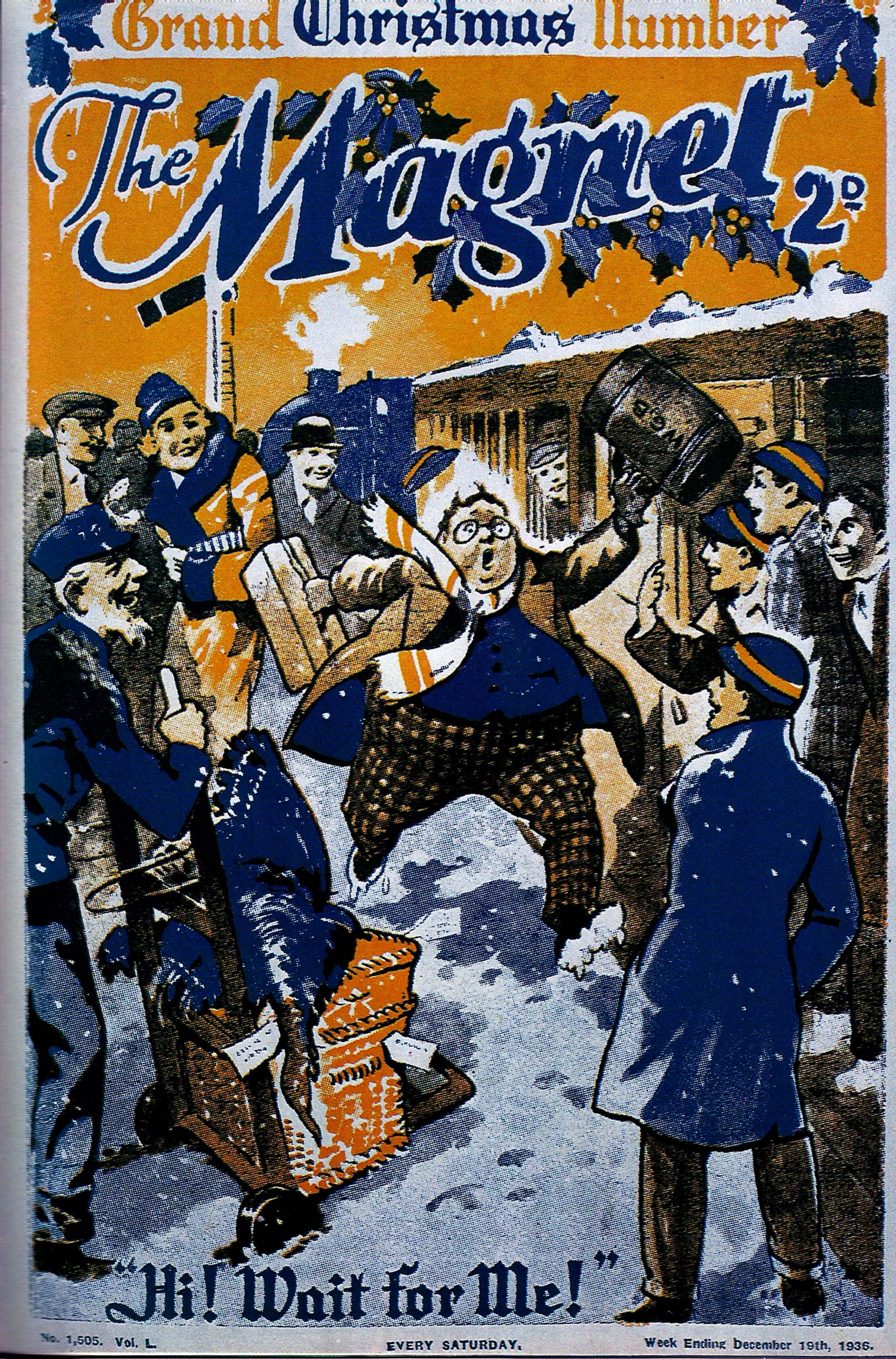
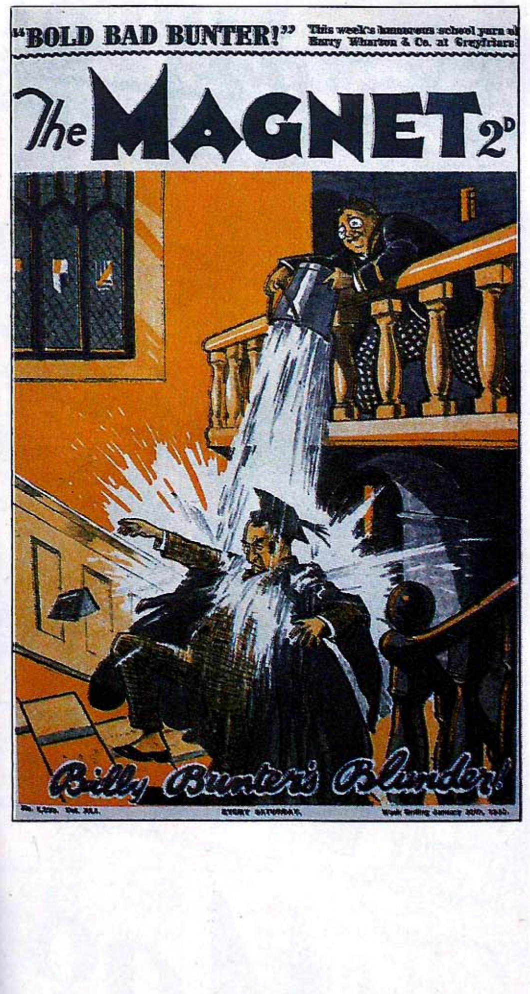

AVCO EMBASSY PICTURES
ENTERTAINER OF THE YEAR
presents
YESTERDAY
THEY'D RATHER BE DEAD
TODAY
THEY'D RATHER BE IN BED
TOMORROW
THEY COULD BE SHOT IN THE HEAD
TULIPS
A WILD AND KOOKY LOVE STORY
Join us at the American Film Market...


ROBERT MEYERS INTERNATIONAL
Nick D'Angelo was a winner. Everything came easy to him.
Until he had to risk it all for the only thing that really mattered.
Rob Lowe
OXFORD BLUES
Screening at MIFED
Sunday, Oct. 28th · 3:00 pm · Sala Puricelli
Wednesday, Oct. 31st · 9:30 am · Sala Puricelli
Visit Ralph Alexander and Carol Olson at MIFED '84
Tower Center Offices 71/77 Ext. 286


Grand Christmas Number
The Magnet 2D
MGB
"Hi! Wait for Me!"
No. 1,505. Vol. L.
EVERY SATURDAY.
Week Ending December 19th, 1936.

"MERRY CHRISTMAS CHAPS!"

Oh, Crikey. Oh, Lor. Is it a blimp? Is it an elephant? Is it a bingeing slimmer of the year? No, it's just Billy Bunter forcing an entry into the Knave kitchen. ALEX KERNAGHAN profiles Bunter's creator.


"BOLD BAD BUNTER!"
This week's humorous school yarn of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars!
The MAGNET 2D
Billy Bunter's Blunder!

Frank Richards was a writing phenomenon. In a life that spanned 86 years, this mild-mannered, amiable genius wrote a staggering 75 million words; the equivalent of a thousand full-length novels . . . and that's only the *conservative* estimate of the Guiness Book of Records. He was the most prolific writer the world has ever seen, and at his peak was producing a million and a half words a year.

Under 28 different pen-names he churned them out; ripping yarns of adventure on the high-seas, tough tales of the Australian outback, detective thrillers, westerns, romantic fiction, even Latin verse and lyrics. But it was as the creator of that blithering, blethering bandersnatch; that podgy pilfering pirate; that bloated burbling brigand Billy Bunter, and the ivy-clad cloistered walls of Greyfriars School, that he is best remembered.

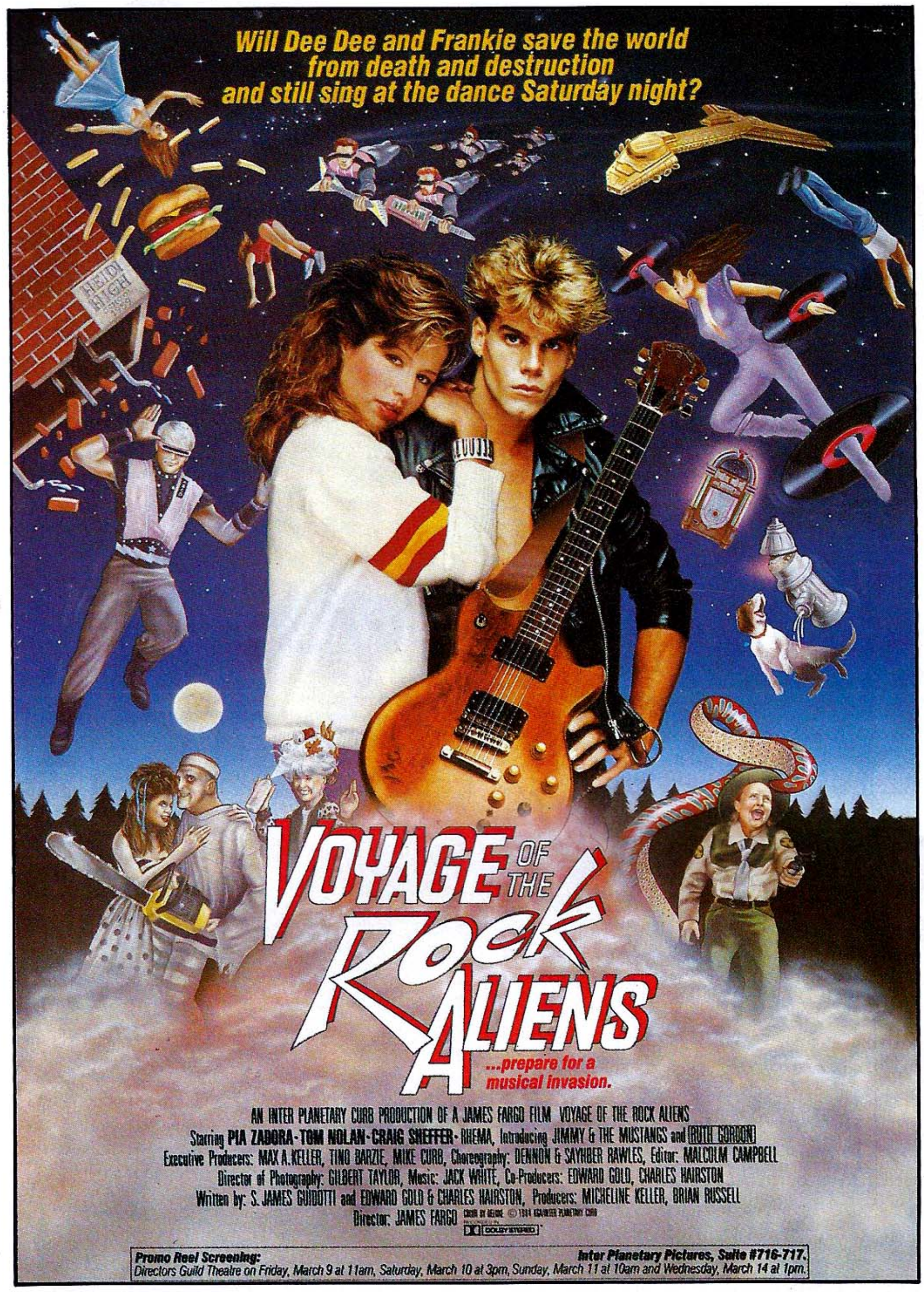
Born in Ealing, Middlesex on 8th August 1876, Frank Richards, real name Charles Hamilton, began his writing career at the age of 17 when he sold his first story for the princely sum of five guineas. His early work appeared in the Trapps Holmes boys' papers, *Picture Fun, Smiles, Vanguard, World's Comic* and *Funny Cuts;* but no single publisher could withstand the onslaught of Richards' prodigious output, so for *Modern Boy* he created Ken King of the Islands, for *Popular* the Rio Kid, for *Schoolfriend* Cliff House and for *Boy's Friend* Jimmy Silver of Rookwood. All in all he created more than one hundred schools for a veritable multitude of publications, but it wasn't until the Amalgamated Press gave birth to the *Gem* in the spring of 1907, and the *Magnet* in February 1908, that immortality was assured for this writing wizard.

From the pages of *Pluck* he transported Tom Merry, that sturdy, honest Yorkshire lad of St Jim's, and ensconced him into the glittering *Gem* where he was to endure the trials and tribulations of his aristocratic, lisping, be-monacled chum, Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. ''Bai Jove! You uttah wotter. Pway, are you wefewwin' to me?'' Sorry Gussy.

It was D'Arcy, the swell of St Jim's, who was to become the unsung hero of the paper, and who won the hearts of millions of readers, despite his bungling knack (or perhaps because of it) for landing his chums in one disaster after another. Only Gussy ever matched the superlative ingenuity that was to be infused into Richards' other larger-than-life creation — W.G. Bunter.

For 1,711 issues the men of St Jim's adventured every week, right up to the final *Gem* at the close of 1939.

But it is probably the halcyon golden years of the *Magnet* that are recalled with most affection, when Richards, the name under which he is best known, created the most famous school of all time . . . Greyfriars. Invested by such stalwarts as


Will Dee Dee and Frankie save the world
from death and destruction
and still sing at the dance Saturday night?
VOYAGE OF THE ROCK ALIENS
...prepare for a musical invasion.
AN INTER PLANETARY CURB PRODUCTION OF A JAMES FARGO FILM VOYAGE OF THE ROCK ALIENS
Starring PIA ZADORA · TOM NOLAN · CRAIG SHEFFER · RHEMA, Introducing JIMMY & THE MUSTANGS and RUTH GORDON
Executive Producers: MAX A. KELLER, TINO BARZIE, MIKE CURB, Choreography: DENNON & SAYHBER RAWLES, Editor: MALCOLM CAMPBELL
Director of Photography: GILBERT TAYLOR, Music: JACK WHITE, Co-Producers: EDWARD GOLD, CHARLES HAIRSTON
Written by: S. JAMES GUIDOTTI and EDWARD GOLD & CHARLES HAIRSTON, Producers: MICHELINE KELLER, BRIAN RUSSELL
Director: JAMES FARGO
DOLBY STEREO
Promo Reel Screening:
Inter Planetary Pictures, Suite #716-717.
Directors Guild Theatre on Friday, March 9 at 11am, Saturday, March 10 at 3pm, Sunday, March 11 at 10am and Wednesday, March 14 at 1pm.

THE MOVIES THAT TIME FORGOT

continued from previous page

The ads can sometimes only be the very public tip of the iceberg in what are often stormy changes occurring in a film's progress from initial conception to finalization. There is one classic contemporary example — *Duet For One*.

Back in 1982 this film was advertised under the Cannon Group banner with Faye Dunaway in the starring role and principal photography due to begin in Spring 1983. The script was to be written by Tom Kempinski, based on his own stage play of the same name. There was one unusual thing about the film, it was to have not one but two directors, Dede Allen and Terry O'Neill. Now, Mr O'Neill is a fashion photographer, who happens to be married to Ms Dunaway. Nothing much happened on the surface, until we find another announcement for the film in 1985 from which we learnt that Mr O'Neill was no longer involved with the film (although he did take the publicity photo of his wife), and direction had passed to the Russian, Andrei Konchalovsky, fresh from *Maria's Lovers*.

This proved to be correct in one major fact, for Konchalovsky did finally come to direct the film at our own Elstree studios, after finishing *Runaway Train*: but Ms Dunaway was replaced by Julie Andrews and Alan Bates and Max von Sydow joined her in the leading roles. Meanwhile, ironically enough, Faye Dunaway was appearing for the first time on the London stage in "Circe and Bravo" just about the time the film was completing its final stages.

Many changes and many hands, often unseen, can be involved in the finished product. Fascinating examples abound of script-writers, directors and stars being replaced at a moment's notice by studio heads for all sorts of reasons — as the recent book by Ruby Behlmer, "Inside Warner Brothers", reveals. You may know that Olivia de Havilland and George Raft were the original leads considered for *Casablanca*, but did you know that a sequel was planned, to be known as *The Conspriators*, and an outline written in 1941?

Another category of missing movies features those with a cast iron alibi as to why they did not appear or even get made. Let me give you an excellent example of this variety with the film *Cocaine*. This was to be directed by the controversial German director, Rainer Werner Fassbinder, and seemed an ideal subject for someone who was not apparently averse to the subject matter — however, he died before he could embark on the film. There have, naturally enough, been occasions in movies when the director 'died on the job' so to speak, but usually the producers find someone else to take over.

Now, one group worth looking at are the video distributors — on the whole they are eager to get their hands on anything that has ever called itself a movie, whether it was released or not. Even here you have to be careful, as they often have different titles from those originally conceived. These are generally given to make them sound tougher or sexier — for instance a movie about an erupting volcano, *St Helen's* was given a video release title of *Killer Volcano*. David Schmoeller's film shot under the title of *The Romance* was marketed by Heron Video as *The Seduction — A Fatal Obsession*.

(It's only through video that you would have been able to enjoy, if that's the word, Frank Agrama's *Dawn of the Mummy* — 'they came from the dead . . . A monstrous chilling terror stalking the living.' Embassy Video provided us with the opportunity of seeing the Canadian comedy, *Tulips* with the delightful Bernadette Peters. And it was Thorn EMI Video which released Abel Ferrara's *Fear City*, a thriller starring Tom Berenger, Billy Dee Williams and Melanie Griffith.

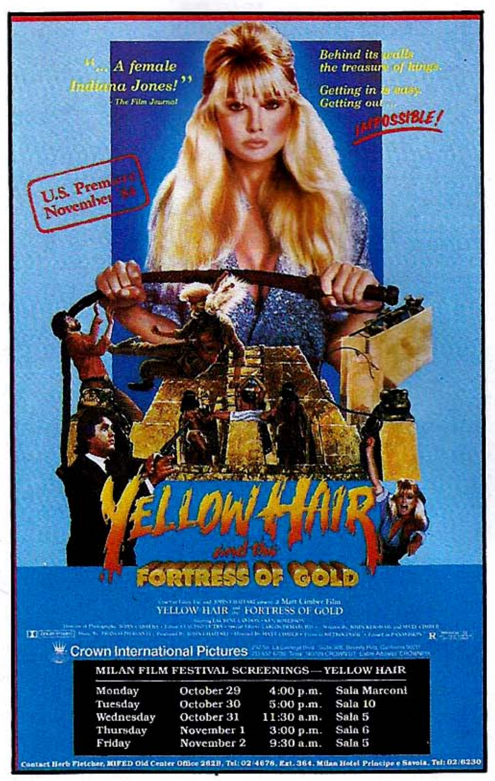
Did you by chance miss *Flashpoint*, the first feature from the Home Box Office/Silver Screen partnership last year? Well, don't worry, Thorn EMI Video came to your rescue. Guild Home Video finally gave *Thunder Run* an outing, whilst Vestron Video have recently allowed us a chance to run the tape of a 1964 Spanish/American co-production with the title of *Yellow Hair* directed by Matt Cimber, perhaps better known for his excursions into soft-core/hard-core material. Even the presence of Barbi Benton in a late-into-the cycle Sword and Sorcery movie called *Deathstalker*, could not obtain it a cinema release, so Stablecane took up the challenge.

Depite video, there are still movies which have not so far been made available for any sort of screening in this country. Now with a film like *Alley Cat*, for example, made back in 1982, there is probably good reason. A female karate expert, played by one Karin Mani, takes on the gangs, lands up in jail where she suffers various lesbian attentions, before finally might becomes right. The film was directed by one Edward Victor, who did not really exist — being a pseudonymn for three people, Eduardo Palmez, Victor Ordonez and Al Valletta!

Apart from Pia Zadora fans, the fact that we still await the release of *When the Rain Begins To Fall* is not going to cause too much knashing of teeth. Described by one critic as "a Martian beach-party movie for the nuclear age" this film directed by James Fargo was really nothing more than an extended rock video. The title related to the disco song hit by Ms Zadora — the film was originally known under the wonderful title of *Voyage of the Rock Aliens*.

Another film which tried to cash in on the then contemporary trend of roller skating, was *Roller Boogie*, made back in 1979 when the sport (?) was at its height. It was described in the blurb as being "A roller movie musical that orbits to non-stop fun, with a great record promotion tie-in, an exciting young star, Linda Blair, and the motion picture debut of U.S. roller skating champ, Jim Bray." Exploitation director, Mark Lester, was not able to do much with this nonsense.

Two films with a commom theme, dealing with actors trying to make it, have also never appeared here. *Those Lips, Those Eyes* directed by Michael Pressman dealt with back stage life within a summer stock company. Frank Langella was the older leading man, Thomas Hulce (as he was known before *Amadeus* fame and Glynis O'Connor provided the young love part. *Leo and Loree* was about two young actors struggling to break into Hollywood. It featured two American TV personalities, Linda Purl and Donny Most (from *Happy Days*) and was directed by Jerry Paris, who also took a role in the movie. Paris, who recently died, was the director of many episodes of the *Happy Days* series on TV.


"... A female Indiana Jones!"
The Film Journal
Behind its walls the treasure of kings.
Getting in is easy.
Getting out...
IMPOSSIBLE!
U.S. Premiere November '84
YELLOW HAIR and the FORTRESS OF GOLD
a Matt Cimber Film
YELLOW HAIR and the FORTRESS OF GOLD
Crown International Pictures
MILAN FILM FESTIVAL SCREENINGS — YELLOW HAIR
Monday October 29 4:00 p.m. Sala Marconi
Tuesday October 30 5:00 p.m. Sala 10
Wednesday October 31 11:30 a.m. Sala 5
Thursday November 1 3:00 p.m. Sala 6
Friday November 2 9:30 a.m. Sala 5
Contact Herb Fletcher, MIFED Old Center Office 2828, Tel: 02/4678, Ext. 364, Milan Hotel Principe e Savoia, Tel: 02/6230

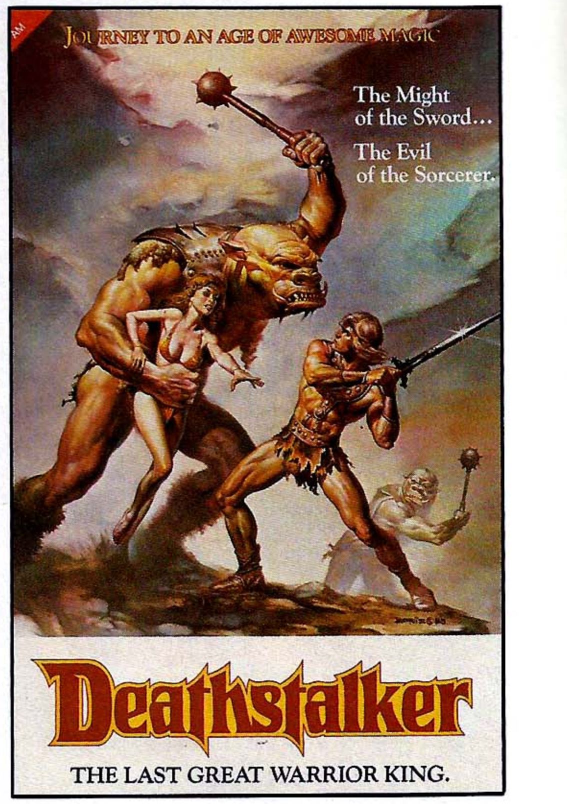
Comedies set in hospitals would seem to always have a ready market but *House of God*, although based on a best seller by Samuel Shem and starring Tim Matheson, is still without a screening over here.

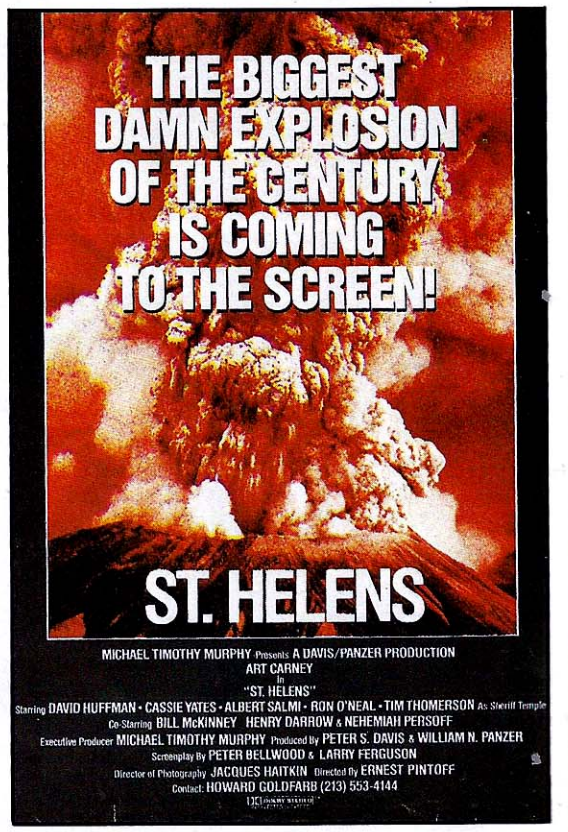
A common factor in all these titles, *Roller Boogie; Windows; Those Lips; Those Eyes; Leo and Loree* and *House of God* is that they were all from the United Artists stable at the end of the seventies. United Artists also had another film on the shooting stocks at that time called *Heaven's Gate* and, as detailed in Steven Bach's book "Final Cut", (which tells the whole history of the Cimino epic and the collapse of the most famous independent film company in America), they did have rather a lot on their minds at the time. Thus, many of the titles got swept away with the general *Heaven's Gate* troubles.

Away from UA, two movies which seem to have fallen down the unreleased sink are interesting examples of how movies which seem to have the right ingredients can turn out very differently. *Oxford Blues* took a couple of 'hot' young Hollywood stars and put them into a very different environment, that of the student world of Oxford University. Rob Low had recently starred in *The Outsiders* and here was a brash self-assured room valet at the Dunes Hotel in Las Vegas, who hustles money to get to Oxford where he meets an English dream girl, played by Amanda Pays — an ex-model whose first part was in another film we hardly got to see, *The Cold Room*, starring George Segal. Also involved, as a female rowing cox, was Ally Sheedy fresh from *War Games*. Writer/director for this effort was Robert Boris and if you think that the story may be a bit familiar, then you'er right, for the source material for the story is the old Robert Taylor starrer, *A Yank at Oxford*.

Spy comedies have had a long history in movies, so HBO Pictures film, *The Trouble With Spies*, with a cast including Donald Sutherland, Robert Morley, Michael Horden, Ned Beatty, Ruth Gordon and Suzanne Danielle would have seemed to have had something going for it. However EMI recently told me that there were no plans to release the film, which, since a couple of location reports in 1984, has apparently completely disappeared.

If truth be told, the reason why most of these movies have never made it is that they were flawed in some way — you can be sure that if there is some way of a production/distribution company getting its money back, then it will release a film. At least some artists and technicians had work and hopefully got paid for it!

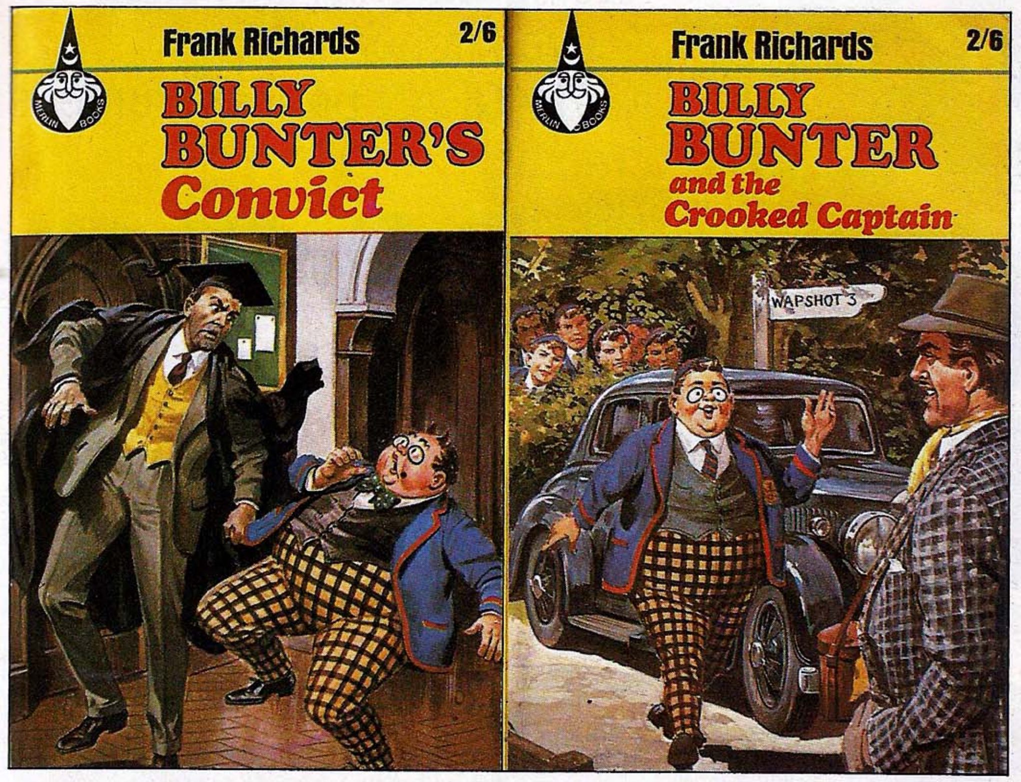

JOURNEY TO AN AGE OF AWESOME MAGIC
The Might of the Sword...
The Evil of the Sorcerer.
Deathstalker
THE LAST GREAT WARRIOR KING.


THE BIGGEST DAMN EXPLOSION OF THE CENTURY IS COMING TO THE SCREEN!
ST. HELENS
MICHAEL TIMOTHY MURPHY Presents A DAVIS/PANZER PRODUCTION
ART CARNEY
in
"ST. HELENS"
Starring DAVID HUFFMAN · CASSIE YATES · ALBERT SALMI · RON O'NEAL · TIM THOMERSON As Sheriff Temple
Co-Starring BILL McKINNEY HENRY DARROW & NEHEMIAH PERSOFF
Executive Producer MICHAEL TIMOTHY MURPHY Produced by PETER S. DAVIS & WILLIAM N. PANZER
Screenplay By PETER BELLWOOD & LARRY FERGUSON
Director of Photography JACQUES HAITKIN Directed By ERNEST PINTOFF
Contact: HOWARD GOLDFARB (213) 553-4144

Finally, here's a few which did not make it to the shooting stage. It's fascinating to think of what might have been — just imagine *Romance of the Pink Panther* (which never got started for obvious reasons). Mike Nichols directing a remake of *Grand Hotel* for MGM. Dan O'Bannon making *The Sorcerer's Apprentice*. Dennis Potter writing the script of *Midnight Movies* to be directed by Adrian Lynne. Wim Wenders to have directed Sigourney Weaver and Christopher Reeve in *Trapdoor*. Paul Newman, Harrison Ford and Debra Winger were to have starred in a Steven Spielberg remake of the old Victor Fleming classic *A Guy Named Joe*. And EMI, as they were at the time, had plans for making *Atlantis!* cut!

MERRY CHRISTMAS CHAPS!
continued from previous page

Harry Wharton, Johnny Bull, Bob Cherry, Frank Nugent and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the success was truly terrific. There was also the gimlet-eyed, angular shape of the Remove form-master Henry Samuel Quelch ('Quelchy' out of earshot) — "a beast but a just beast." Old pompous Pontifex Prout, master of the Fifth. Herbert Vernon Smith, the cool 'bounder' of the Remove, laying on the geegees when he could, or smoking a quick Woodbine in some secluded corner of the cloisters between classes. There was his lazy Lordship Lord Mauleveror (Mauly to his pals). The pernicious penny-pinching American Fisher T. Fish. The insufferable duffer Horace Coker. The lounging layabout Gerald Loder. Luckless Tom Dutton, deaf as a post. And the inimitable William George Bunter, the fat frowsting, footling fraud from whom no tuck was safe, no study cupboard secure. And it was Bunter, who had started life as a minor character, that everyone wanted.

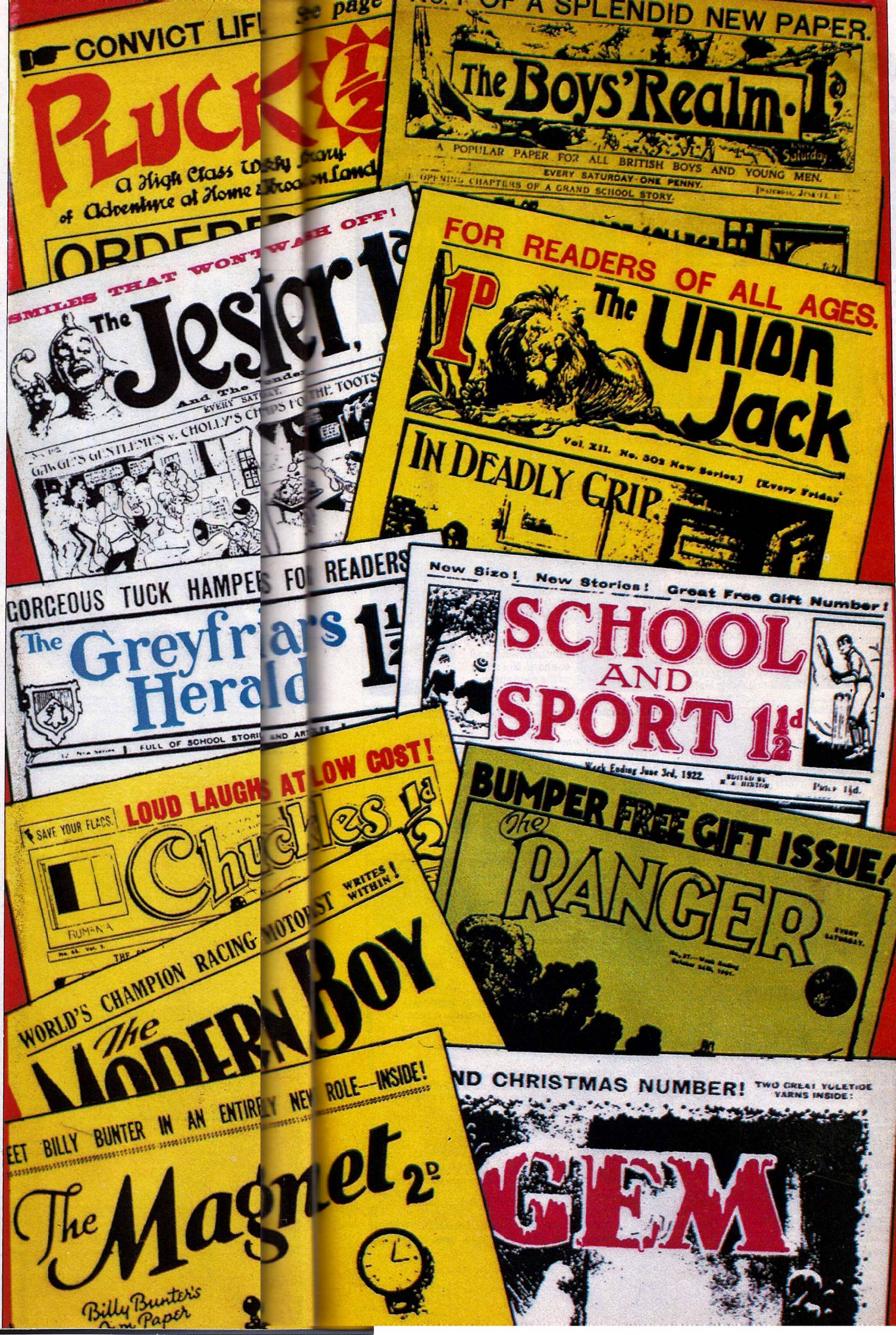

Frank Richards
2/6
BILLY BUNTER'S Convict
Frank Richards
2/6
BILLY BUNTER and the Crooked Captain
WAPSHOT'S

Two of the paperbacks issued by Hamlyn: "Billy Bunter's Convict" (1968) and "Billy Bunter And The Crooked Captain" (1968).

For 1,683 issues the cackling cachinnations and anguished howls of "Oh, Crikey! Oh, Lor'! YAROOH!" echoed along the Removite corridors as the fat and fatuous Owl was bumped or kicked for grub raiding, spinning 'crammers' or earwiggin' surreptitiously at study keyholes.

For more than 30 years Richards packed the pages of the *Magnet,* subtitled *'Billy Bunter's Own Paper'*, with the rattling escapades of the Famous Five & Co., and never were those escapades more daring, more exciting or more welcome than at that special magical time for both Richards and his readers . . . Christmas.

In the weeks preceeding Christmas we could be sure of thick downy snowfalls, rosy cheeks and snowball fights, frozen lakes to skate on (or fall through), the frost-spangled panes of Wharton Lodge, or Mauleveror Towers, or Vernon House where the Co. would inevitably spend their Christmas hols and where Bunter would somehow weasel his way, uninvited.


CONVICT LIFE
See page
PLUCK ½
A High Class Weekly Library of Adventure at Home & Abroad on Land
ORDER
No. 1 OF A SPLENDID NEW PAPER.
The Boys' Realm. 1d
A POPULAR PAPER FOR ALL BRITISH BOYS AND YOUNG MEN.
EVERY SATURDAY · ONE PENNY.
OPENING CHAPTERS OF A GRAND SCHOOL STORY.
SMILES THAT WON'T WASH OFF!
The Jester 1d
EVERY SATURDAY
FOR READERS OF ALL AGES.
1d The Union Jack
IN DEADLY GRIP.
Every Friday
GORGEOUS TUCK HAMPERS FOR READERS
The Greyfriars Herald 1½
New Size! New Stories! Great Free Gift Number!
SCHOOL AND SPORT 1½d
Week Ending June 3rd, 1922.
LOUD LAUGHS AT LOW COST!
SAVE YOUR FLAGS.
Chuckles ½d
BUMPER FREE GIFT ISSUE!
The RANGER
WORLD'S CHAMPION RACING MOTORIST WRITES WITHIN!
The Modern Boy
MEET BILLY BUNTER IN AN ENTIRELY NEW ROLE—INSIDE!
The Magnet 2d
Billy Bunter's Own Paper
GRAND CHRISTMAS NUMBER! TWO GREAT YULETIDE YARNS INSIDE:
GEM

There would be blazing log-fires in the rooms and main-halls, paper-chains and paper hats, holly and mistletoe, plum pudding and mince pies, crackers and roast turkey . . . everything in fact that went to making Christmas what it should be in an age of innocence now long gone. And there was the story too. Shadowy ghost-like shapes that would flit along draughty halls or creaking stairwells, clanking chains in the dead of night, or sinister figures that prowled the grounds after dark in the howling wind and snow. There would be secret panels or hidden staircases, trapdoors or sliding walls that led to unused basements or unknown dens where hidden spoils would be unearthed, or valuable ancient documents found.

Sometimes a member of the Co. would mysteriously disappear, kidnapped or lost, and there would be midnight tramps by torchlight, scouring ominous wintry woods or searching the frost-rimmed cellars and passages at some local medieval pile. And the readers tucked in and shivered and waited impatiently for next week's number. (Or if they could afford it, bought the *Greyfriars Holiday Annual* where all the Christmas stories were complete).

It must have seemed to Richards then that writing for the *Magnet* and *Gem* would continue ad infinitum, but the paper shortage that had killed the *Gem* brought the *Magnet* down too in May 1940.

Suddenly, at the age of 64, when most men are considering retirement, Richards found himself without a market. Certainly, before the war he'd been earning at least £5,000 a year, and probably a good deal more; his output even then was the equivalent of a novel a week. Now abruptly it had all come to an end. Undoubtedly for Richards the war years were lean, for as he later confessed: "I was never one for putting away for a rainy day. It was rather hard to be left stranded at that age. I took a house in Hampstead Garden Suburb, and all those six years I used to go to my desk each morning and write. I did a lot of hard work, but very little was published. Still, I have a natural buoyancy and didn't let the situation affect my spirits much."

Then in 1946 the London publisher Charles Skilton read an article on Richards in the *Picture Post* and contacted him with the idea of putting the Bunter stories out in book form. Richards readily agreed, and in 1947 the first post-war Bunter story appeared: *"Billy Bunter of Greyfriars School"*. It was an instant success, selling all 25,000 copies within the first three months. The *Evening Express* greeted it with "Fathers and sons will be contending for its possession . . . Bunter is a national institution." And the *Empire News:* "In his sphere Mr Richards is a genius . . . . ask any schoolboy."

For the first time in almost half a century of writing, Frank Richards' work appeared in book format and the glorious Greyfriars characters were unleashed on a whole new generation. In the years that followed Richards produced 40 books in all for Skilton/Cassell (Cassell took over the pub-

MERRY CHRISTMAS CHAPS!

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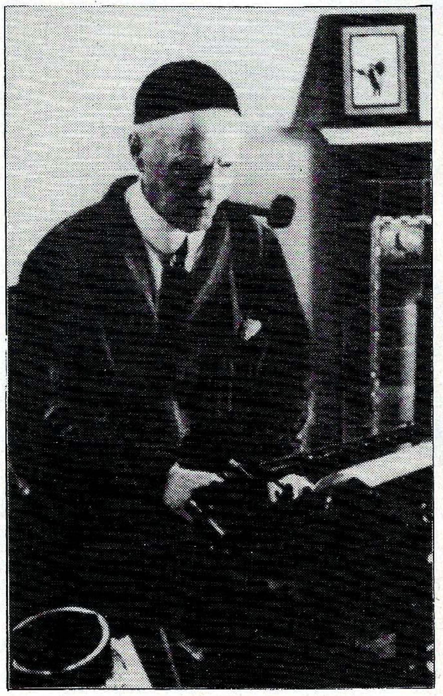


lishing in 1952) and found he was back in demand with a vengeance. Oxonhoath Press launched its Christmas series of *Billy Bunter's Own*, while Mandeville Books shunted off with their *Tom Merry Annual*. Spring Books released a complete range of new Tom Merry, Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, Jimmy Silver, Jack of All-Trades and Talbot of the Shell novels, while Hamlyn, Collins, Goldhawk, Four Square and Granada Publishing showered us with Greyfriars paperbacks. Billy and Bessie Bunter cartoon-strips appeared in comics throughout the country and Richards' short stories became regular attractions in a dozen different newspapers. Bunter, it seemed, had never been so big.

With an ease that belied his advancing years Richards then turned to radio and TV, where 30 year old Gerald Campion donned the Greyfriars garb to portray the cackling, frowsting slacker for the next decade, managing to squeeze in half a dozen Christmas shows specially written and produced for London West End theatres.

By this time Richards cut an incongruous, eccentric figure. Now in his eighties he sat at his purple-ribboned Remington each morning, tapping out his stories in heavy dressing-gown, carpet slippers, bicycle clips around his trouser legs "to keep out the draught" and wearing a small, black skull cap because he was embarrassed by his baldness. A gentle and ingenuous man, Richards drank rarely, though he still enjoyed the occasional tot of brandy or sip of Moselle (complaining that both were much too expensive). He disliked cigarettes yet was passionately attached to his pipe, and admitted to having squandered substantial sums of money in his younger days in the casinos of Monte Carlo. While he enjoyed the experience the lesson wasn't lost on him; only slackers and cads gambled or smoked in the Greyfriars environs. Sex was something else almost entirely absent from his stories. Generally he was not at ease with women, and while there never was a Mrs Richards he did own up to a near encounter with an American lady he simply referred to as "a certain Miss N.Y."

By the age of 86 he was still churning it out, tirelessly and with his inexhaustible verve and flair. "If a fellow has a hard time writing the stuff," he declared, "then a fellow will have a hard time reading it." There was never anything hard about reading Richards.

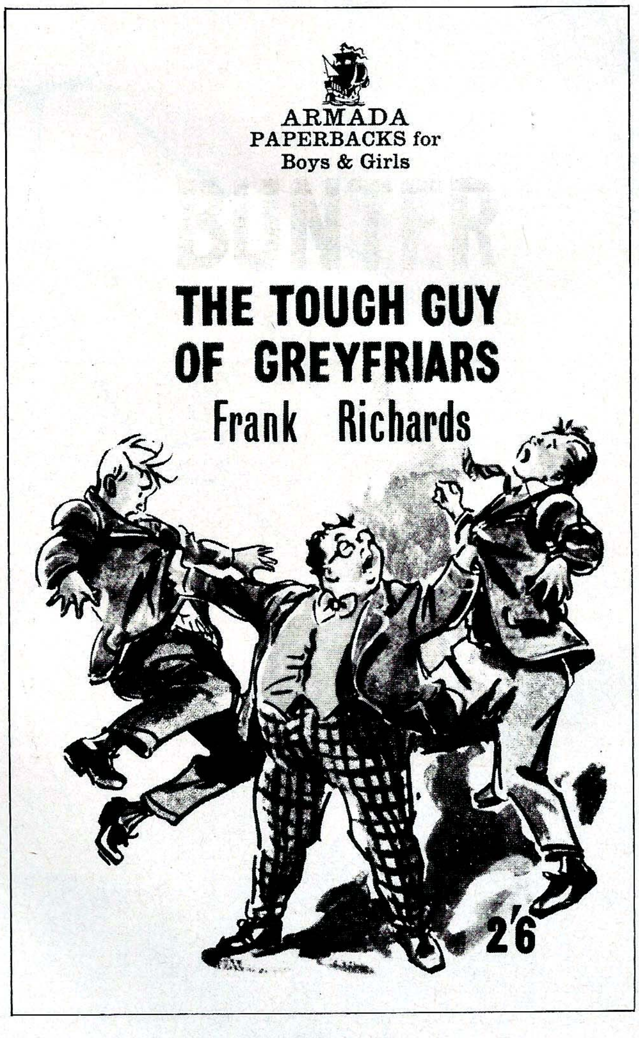
How ironic then, that the man who so loved Christmas and wrote hundreds of Christmas stories, passed away peacefully at his home in Kent on Christmas Eve 1961.

One might have thought that with the death of the old master the saga of William George Bunter would at long, long last have wound to an end. But in 1969 a Wimbledon publisher, Howard Baker, hit upon the idea of producing exact facsimiles of original *Magnets* and *Gems*, binding them, and selling them in volume form.

Howard Baker recalls: "We published our first volume, *Billy Bunter In The Land Of The Pyramids,* from our Bloomsbury Office, prompted by a nostalgic regard for the old *Magnet.* We didn't have any great hopes at the time, but to our surprise it was a huge success and we've been going on ever since. In fact we're producing more *Magnets* today than were being published in the twenties and thirties. And not all our members are fusty, creaking old men by any means. I'm continually amazed at the number of young people who've developed a taste for the Greyfriars stories."

Today, 17 years on, Baker Press have published more than 200 hardback facsimile editions, and through their *Greyfriars Gazette* help maintain links between Bunter Clubs throughout the country. If you want to go the whole hog there's a Club tie and cravat with Friar motif, a documented history of the school in *Greyfriars: A Prospectus,* a *Greyfriars Who's Who,* a *Greyfriars For Grown-Ups,* a *Greyfriars Guide,* a *Magnet Companion,* a full-colour Greyfriars wall-map, an EMI LP *Floreat Greyfriars* — even a new novel *But For Bunter* taking the pernicious porpoise into the eighties. And we've hardly scratched the surface. Books and histories abound, and in the timeless world that Richards created the hoots and wails of the fattest schoolboy on earth still echo hauntingly along the corridors of the Greyfriars Remove. "Oooooogh! Wow! Yow-ow-ow-ow-ow! Wooo-hoop! YAROOOOH!" Billy Bunter lives!

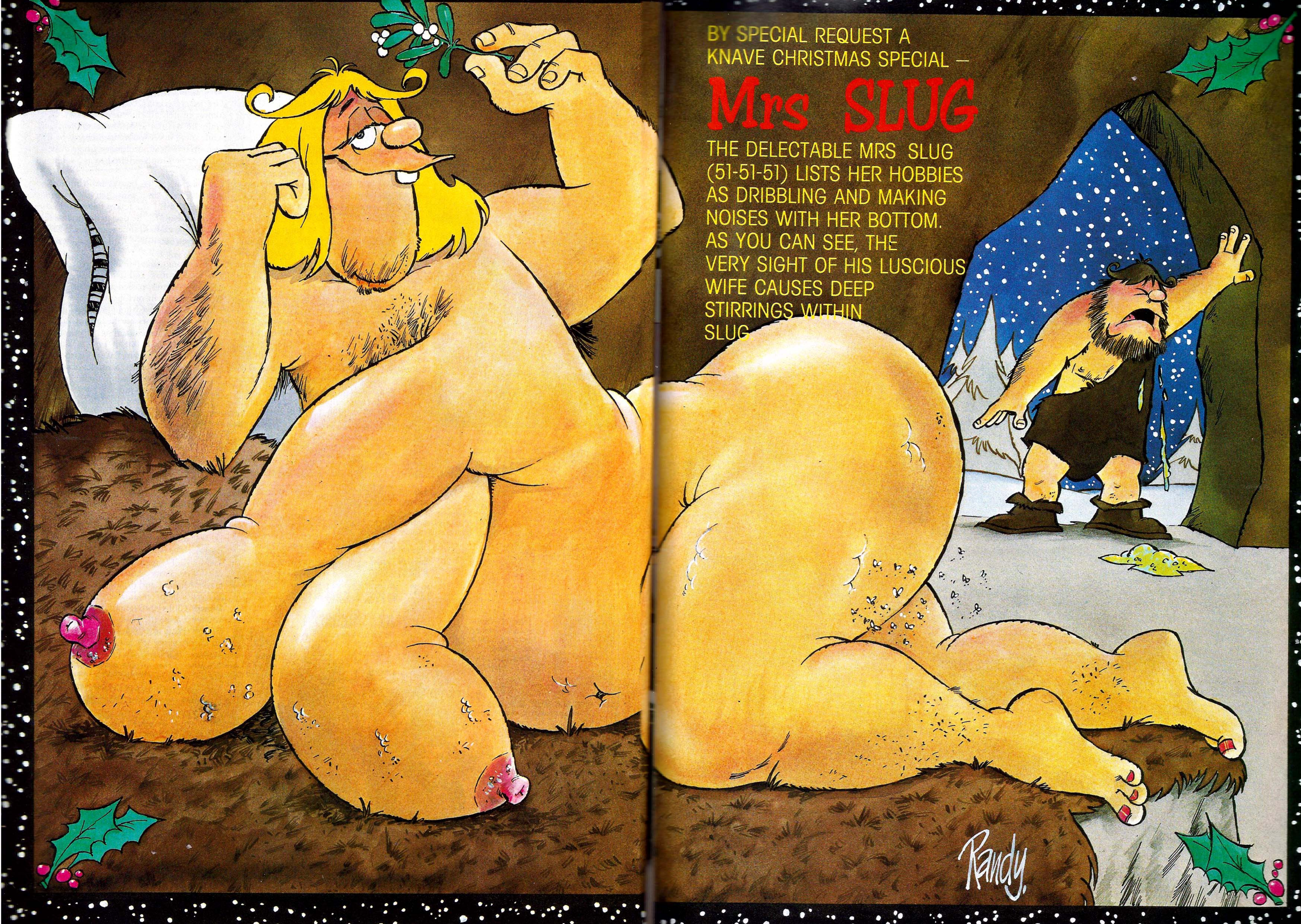
And as the master himself might have put it: "On that point there can be no doubt: no possible, probable shadow of doubt: no possible doubt whatever!"



BY SPECIAL REQUEST A KNAVE CHRISTMAS SPECIAL –

Mrs SLUG

THE DELECTABLE MRS SLUG (51-51-51) LISTS HER HOBBIES AS DRIBBLING AND MAKING NOISES WITH HER BOTTOM. AS YOU CAN SEE, THE VERY SIGHT OF HIS LUSCIOUS WIFE CAUSES DEEP STIRRINGS WITHIN SLUG



An American Christmas

Bask in the cosy glow of a bottle of egg-nog and a pukka log-fire. Unfurl the Stars and Stripes. Curl your toes up and cringe at the embarrassing memories of Christmas past as BRIAN HIGHLEY reminds us of the prats we used to be . . .

Dear Mr Editor,
It was back in the late '50s that I caught my first illicit glance of a men's magazine, or a 'mucky book' as they were then called. I'd just been expelled from the boys-only grammar school for nearly setting fire to the chemistry lab.

It wasn't so much that I nearly started a fire as that I committed the cardinal sin of arguing with the science master. To this day, I still maintain that my one cigarette end was far less likely to cause a conflagration than all of the bloody bunsen burners constantly roaring away under the control of kids whose only qualification for being at the school was a total lack of a brain: an attribute which made them good future prospects for maintaining the school's reputation as a supplier of players for the county Rugby Union team.

At the school, which was entered through a gate bearing the legend 'BOYS GRAMMER SCHOOL' with a line chipped through the E and an A tacked on above, the main forms of punishment were ritual flogging and detention with extra homework. At the Secondary Modern school they demoted me to, minor infringements of the rules were countered by a blackboard rubber skilfully bounced into the offender's eye via the head of any poor bugger who happened to be sitting en route, and the banishment from any further tuition by that particular teacher until the start of the following term.

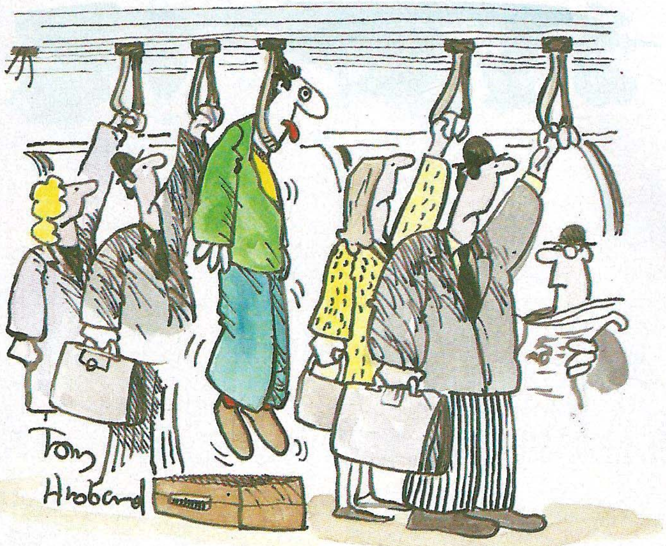
The school had the best teacher-pupil ratio anywhere in the civilized world. After the summer holiday of 1958 the science, maths and English classes were each reduced to five within the first week. The other thirty eight of us sat around in the corridor nursing our blackboard rubber bruised eyes and hoping that Miss Turner in the art department might take pity on us and call us in for extra lessons in chucking paint around, and a legitimate excuse for ogling Goya's 'Naked Maja' on page 46 of her 'Great Paintings of the World, Vol. 5'.

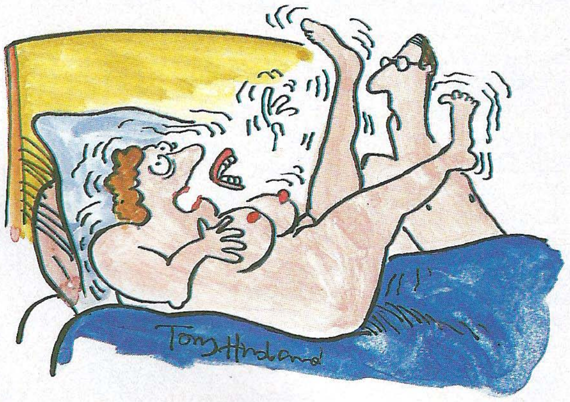
It was in the disinfectant and gravy smelling corridor that I saw the magazine.

I heard the scream of pain from Janet Plinge as the rubber ricocheted off her ear, followed by the whoopee from my mate Jonesy as he finally succeeded in getting himself banished from physics. ''Look at this,'' he smirked as he came sprawling out onto the football-stud gouged parquet, ''I found it under our Kev's mattress . . . it's a mucky book.'' It was a Christmas edition of a 1950s American men's magazine.

For the first time in my life I was forced to come to terms with the fact that underneath Santa's red cloak and white beard was a nineteen year old, thirty eight inch chested, blonde, who enjoyed looking after old people and who was a cheerleader for the Dallas Dodgers. Never before had I realised that my parents had deprived me of the greatest Christmas treat of all — marshmallow toasting — and it was there in that corridor that I developed my lifetime's ambition: to own a 'soft leather wallet, shaped like a catcher's mitt with a secret hidden compartment for those things that only you know you carry and with your personalised initials lovingly engraved on a solid gold plated plaque. Act now, be the first in your street, and don't forget your zip code!'

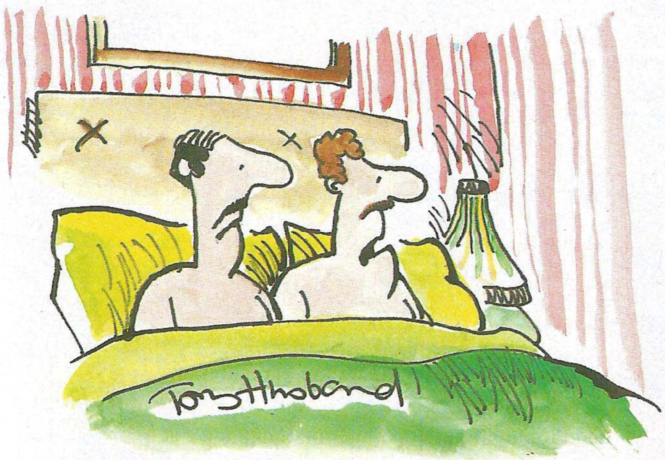
Jonesy was the school gannet, he'd do anything for an extra dollop of spotted-dick and it took no time at all to persuade him



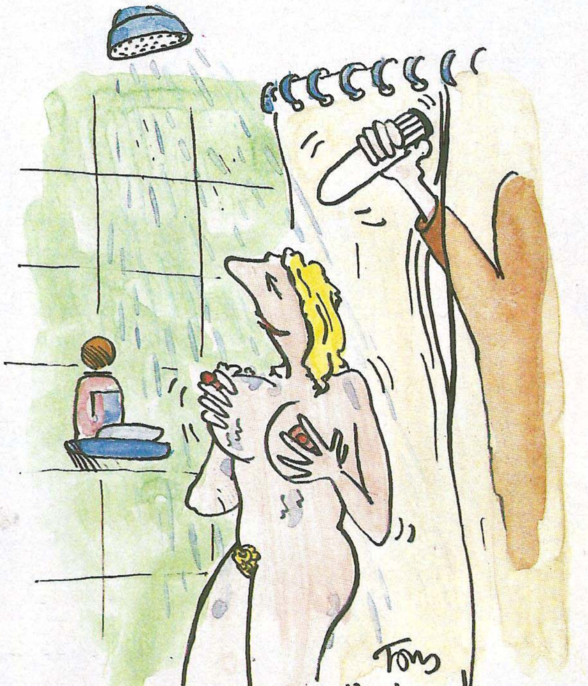


"Reginald, for God's sake turn the vibrator down."

LAUGH WITH Tony Husband



"Oh no, I think it's my husband . . ."



AN AMERICAN CHRISTMAS

continued from previous page

that he was onto a winner if he gave me his magazine in exchange for my sago on Wednesdays and my stew on Mondays.

Having been present at Susan Holroyd's regular, "I'll take of my knickers if you give me a toffee," sessions round the back of the bike sheds, I'd always thought that females developed hair in their pubic regions in the same way that we lads had started to do.

Was it just in America that girls' bodies tapered down to a bald triangle between the legs, or could it be that Susan Holroyd had sprouted a temporary growth that would soon disappear along with the sexual lips it surrounded? Perhaps this had happened to all of the girls in the magazine? Maybe it was this lack of hair that gave the Americans, and their impressionable British reader, their fur rug fetish.

"It was in the disinfectant and gravy smelling corridor that I saw the magazine."

When all of the other lads in the corridor had developed lumps in their trousers from gazing at the tinsel-trimmed tits of Miss Claus on the centre-spread, I limped off to the loo for a serious read.

I battled my way through two slices of fiction plus an interview with a baseball star only to discover that all American fiction ends with the hero and his lady sharing toasted marshmallows before collapsing onto a goat-skin rug to enjoy multiple orgasms in front of a roaring log fire, prior to retiring to the bedroom with a mug of nutmeg dusted egg-nog (see recipe on page 194) followed by more multiple orgasms on the black satin sheets (order form on page 232). And, believe it or not, the baseball star's dream Christmas involved toasting marshmallows with his lady prior to collapsing onto a goat-skin rug in front of a roaring log fire . . .

I was eighteen before I got to try out my American fantasy. The magazine had probably been recycled into Billy Fury pin-up posters by then, but carefully preserved in my wallet was the recipe for egg-nog that I knew would be needed one day.

Susan Holroyd wasn't blonde and she wasn't dressed in tinsel and a frontless Santa outfit, but when I saw her coming out of the tripe market one pre-Christmas Saturday afternoon I thought she was the nearest thing I'd ever seen in the flesh to a magazine centre-spread and I was determined to add myself to her Christmas list.

"Er . . . Hello. Susan, isn't it?" I ventured.

"Piss off or I'll get my dad to sort you out," she replied with the contempt she'd once reserved for those who turned up at her knicker-dropping sessions without a toffee to pay for the privilege. However, it was as if my guardian angel had popped down to earth to do me a personal favour.

"Here," yelled Susan as I sniffed at my armpits to see if the shake of my mum's talc had stopped working. "I hadn't recognised you for a minute, you're that mad little bugger what I used to go to school with. Fancy taking me for a drink?"

Susan Holroyd wasn't exactly a pushover, she'd taken three sips of her Babycham before she invited me to go babysitting with her the following evening, and she'd got round to nibbling the cherry off the stick before reminding me that there'd be no hanky-panky unless I could produce a packet of three.

"And don't go turning up with none that you've had in your pocket for years," she shouted after me as I floated down the street on cloud nine thinking of all the time I'd wasted looking at her for toffees when I could have been screwing her for the price of a Babycham, "I'll check the date on the packet to make sure they aren't going to burst when you get it up me."

Stan and Pat had one of those terraced houses that could have looked like all the rest in the block but which was lifted into a class of its own by the 'Caramia' nameplate where all the others had a number; and by the lovely plastic holly wreath on the purple front door.

"The kids are in bed," greeted Stan, "I've told them that if you hear so much as a peep they won't get nothing from bloody Santa. Don't go doing nothing that I wouldn't do, that leaves you plenty of scope, know what I mean, nudge nudge. Yes, darling I'm coming, we don't have to be there until half-past bloody eight. Nag bloody nag bloody nag. You don't fancy going out with the wife, do you, lad? No I don't suppose you do. Help yourself to drinks, we'll see you when we see you."

I had a whisky and poured Susan a Babycham, and then I got down to the nitty-gritty.

"Guess what I've got in my pocket, Susan?"

"A guided missile judging by the shape of the bulge."

"No. Have another guess."

"We haven't come here to play guessing games," she snapped, "come and sit down and help me with this zip."

I wasn't going to let her spoil my fun, I'd waited four years for this night and it was going to go according to plan. "I've got a quarter pound bag of marshmallows," I announced, trying hard to hide the excitement.

Some women have little or no finesse. "A quarter pound bag of what? Marsh-sodding-mallows? If it's some new kink you've dreamed up I'm game for just about anything but marshmallows sound a bit bleeding messy to me."

I explained about toasting marshmallows and she said that she was willing to have a go, "I suppose if it's a Yankee idea they must have aphrodisiac qualities."

The longest forks we could find were of the ordinary dining variety but we managed to skewer a couple of pink marshmallows onto the carving knife and we held these over the fire.

One marshmallow fell into the flames after about ten seconds, the other started to melt and it deposited globs of blazing sugar onto the hearth. "What do we do with it now?" she wanted to know.

It seemed more hygenic to pull the thing in half but the molten sugar burnt my fingers and whilst I was plunging them into cold water in the kitchen Susan allowed the marshmallow to cool, chewed it straight from the blade, and declared it: "Disgusting, just like burnt marshmallow."

The fire was coke, not logs, and the rug was red nylon, not goat-skin, but with a bit of imagination . . .

She fell into my arms, I picked a morsel of black marshmallow from her hair, our lips met fleetingly, we stripped naked, I held her close and . . . you wouldn't believe how many hot little sparks a coke fire sends out. And when you're lying there with no clothes on, one side of you feels every single draught that comes under the door whilst the other side might just as well be stuck under a grill.

I put up with the pain for about fifiteen seconds until a particularly vicious spark took a meteoric dive onto my bum, and then I was once again forced to flee into the kitchen to plunge the affected part into cold water. Susan was sitting naked in front of the fire when I walked back into the lounge drying my backside on the tea towel.

"Shall we go upstairs?" she asked.

"A great idea," I enthused, "where do they keep their eggs?"

"Eggs? What the bloody hell do you want eggs for, don't tell me you're going to start making an omelette."

She sloped off up the stairs, I searched the kitchen for egg-nog ingredients. I found eight eggs, sugar and rum, I couldn't find double cream so I substituted a can of Carnation and instead of nutmeg I settled for a sprinkling of curry powder.

Susan was quite polite about the egg-nog, she said it wasn't 100% to her taste but having once been given a bottle of American beer by a U.S. Airforce pilot she could quite see why the Yanks turned to alternatives. She spilt a few drops down her breast and suggested that I should lick them off but I remembered the reply to one of the letters in the magazine which said that oral contact with unwashed sexual parts could transmit diseases so I get her a flannel from the bathroom.

Stan and Pat arrived back home as I was trying to explain to Susan what a cheerleader was.

"Don't mind us," laughed Stan, "you two just get on with whatever you're doing and I'll go back down to that lovely wife of mine until you've finished and then give you a lift home."

I didn't want to keep Stan and his wife out of bed too late, and as I'd promised to help mum with the turkey stuffing first thing in the morning, I cut my cheerleader description to the basics. We both dressed, and Stan drove us home. I thought it was odd of him not to know the neighbourhood well enough to realise that he actually passed Susan's house on his way to mine but when I pointed out his mistake he said that he'd drop her off on his way back. I suppose she'd be company for him.

The problem with me, as with many of my generation, is that I'm an American fish in British water. The current trend for traditional Britishness is totally beyond my comprehension because my formative years were spent in an environment of pure unadulterated Americana.

Our magazines, comics and films were from the States and any pop record that wasn't actually American was sung by some kid from Hertfordshire with an accent like Elvis's and a song that had been copied note for note from the American original. Whilst we might be a generation who don't know which wine to order with saddle of lamb we wouldn't put a foot wrong if faced by a loudspeaker waiting to take our order at a drive-in, and although most of us don't have the first idea as to how the date of Easter is arrived at, we feel that we're letting the homeland down by not dining on the traditional Thanksgiving turkey and pumpkin pie on the fourth Thursday in November.

"Susan Holroyd wasn't blonde and she wasn't dressed in tinsel and a frontless Santa outfit . . ."

The problem with our British way of Christmas is that it varies so much from area to area, and even from street to street. In America you know exactly where you stand at this annual festival, thanks to the model set by films and magazines. On the afternoon of Christmas Eve, when you go out to buy the marshmallows for toasting, there'll be a Santa Claus outside every store, ringing his big golden bell and collecting for charity. The Santa outside the biggest store is always a burglar waiting to rip-off the Christmas takings when the store closes. The Santa outside the little Jewish owned music shop on the corner is dying of an incurable disease, but before he makes his dramatic final speech on Christmas morning he'll have bought the violin in the window for the little crippled boy in the orphanage who'll be so delighted with the gift that he'll regain his ability to walk and go on to win an Olympic gold for figure skating. The pretty girl on the perfume counter, who'll be winged by a bullet when she tries to prevent the evil Santa from attacking her boss, has just been ditched by her boyfriend because she wants to spend Christmas with her mom instead of going to Rio with him, but he'll have a change of heart and turn up just before the two lonely ladies sit down to dine on cold baked beans, and in the boot of his car he'll have a steaming-hot fifty six pound turkey with enough vegetables to feed the entire choir who're sweetly singing carols on the only corner that isn't occupied by a hot chestnut man.

Our unpredictable weather doesn't help much either, throughout America a sprinkling of perfectly choreographed snow flutters from the sky on the one day when the entire population goes out to buy all of its gifts at the first attempt — none of this farting around in the fog 'cos you can't decide what to buy for rich Uncle Marmaduke who's already got everything. And then, when everbody has got safely home from their traditional family gatherings on Christmas Eve the whole of the U.S.A. is covered by a six inch blanket of soft, white Christmas-card snow with one scarlet-breasted robin per household.

You probably won't believe this, considering my knowledge of the country, but I've never been to America! I've been invited to go, but the invitations were always for the summer when the streets are a running battle between gun-toting private eyes who never accept a fee and drug-pushing blacks who haven't got the energy to stagger out of bed but still manage to get it together to body-pop every time they hear the briefest snatch of a jazz-funk brass section.

I saw Susan Holroyd the other day. She introduced me to her little grandson. The sad thing was that Susan actually looked like a grandmother. All American women keep their looks. Just consider the condition of Nancy Reagan and she's rumoured to be 93! Somewhere out there on the other side of the Atlantic, Miss Claus of 1957 will still be posing for Christmas centre-spreads with tinsel tastefully draped across her firm breasts. She'll still be doing charity work for the old people, and I'll bet a cent to a dollar that she's still the Dallas Dodgers' number one cheerleader.

The whole point *(I thought there must be one. — Ed.)* in my writing this letter is that Susan Holroyd got married to my mate Jonesy, which I didn't realise until she invited me back to her house for what I thought was going to be marshmallows and a tumble on the rug only to find him sitting in front of the television with a bag of cheese and onion crips and a can of Newcastle Brown.

When she went out to the kitchen I reminded Jonesy about the magazine and Miss Claus — he couldn't even remember doing the swap for the stew and sago. He said that he's had a very happy life with Susan Holroyd, and I was a bit miffed by this 'aren't I the lucky one' attitude.

It might sound like a bit of a tall order, but is there any chance of you tracking down Miss Claus and treating your readers to a few pages of true perfection?

It'll also show that Jonesy bastard what he's been missing all these years.

Yours sincerely, Brian Highley.
(or Brett Harper as I'm know to my cowboy friends.)

JOKER

That joke you heard in the pub last night could get you a crisp blue fiver. Send your funnies to: Knave Plays Joker, P.O. Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

HEAR ABOUT Snow White after her swinging party?

She woke up feeling dopey.

• • •

A MAN IS strolling on the beach when he comes across a lamp lying in the sand. He rubs it and a genie pops out. ''I will grant you your one and only true desire,'' booms the apparition.

''That's great,'' says the man. ''I wish my dick touched the ground.''

''You've got it, baby,'' said the genie who promptly drew his sword and cut the guy's legs off.

• • •

ONE MORNING, a milkman called on one of his regular customers. She was hanging out her washing which included a large sheet with a hole in the middle.

''We were playing a game called Who's Who at the party last night,'' she explained. ''Each man had to shove his tossing tackle through the hole in the sheet while all the women tried to guess who was at the other end of the protruding cock.''

''Sounds fun,'' said the milkman, ''I wish I'd been there.''

''You ought to have been,'' replied the woman. ''Your name came up three times!''

• • •

AS SOON as she was pregnant, Fiona asked her physician: ''What position will I be in when my baby arrives?''

''I should think you'll be in pretty much the same position you were in when you started the whole business,'' he replied.

''Shit!'' shrieked Fiona. ''Do you mean I've got to ride around Hampstead Heath for two hours with my feet hanging out of Dudley Trubshaw's car again?''

• • •

WHAT'S BETTER than roses on your piano?

Two lips on your organ.

• • •

ORGASM — the gland finale.

• • •

A GUY was having lousy luck at hitching a lift. People kept pulling up and asking him who he voted for. He kept telling them that he voted Labour, but as soon as he said that they pissed off in a cloud of dust. Eventually, he realised that he was in Surrey. So the next time a car drew up, he was ready. The sexy blonde driver asked him for his politicial persuasion, he lied and claimed to be a lifelong Conservative.

It worked. A lift at last! After a couple of minutes he noticed the blonde's skirt riding up her thighs. His erection began to bulge until he could take it no more. He turned to the girl and said: ''Christ, I've only been a Tory for three minutes and already I feel like screwing someone.''

• • •

HEARD ABOUT the sex-starved burglar?

He couldn't blow the safe, so he went down on the elevator.

• • •

A BLOKE is rowing across the lake when he loses one of his oars. Stuck in the middle of the lake, he's getting really pissed off when another boat comes into view. This one's got three people in it — a man and two women.

''Have you got an oar to lend me,'' shouts the bloke.

''Fuck off, you bastard,'' shouts the other man, ''this is my wife and her mother.''

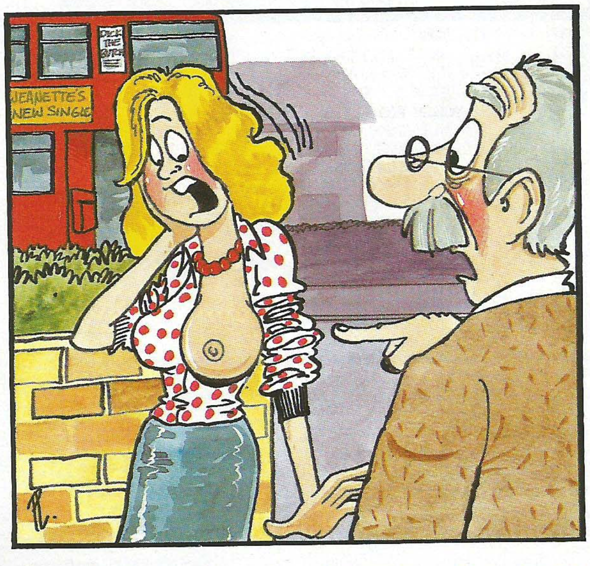
• • •

A CHEMIST told his new assistant to be polite to every customer that came in. ''If you're stuck for conversation, talk about the weather,'' he advised.

When the chemist came back from having his dinner, the assistant sported a lovely black-eye. ''So much for your advice,'' moaned the assistant.

''What do you mean? asked the chemist.

''Well, this woman came in for a packet of sanitary towels — and all I said was that it looked like being a dull week-end . . .''



A WOMAN was walking down the street one day when an old codger noticed that her left breast was hanging out. Embarrassed, he pointed this out to her.

"Christ," she shrieked, "I've left my baby on the bus!"

• • •

A BRITISH M.P. went on a fact finding tour of Japanese electronic factories. At one, he was amazed by the dexterity of of a young girl assembling circuit boards with a soldering iron. ''What do you use for flux?'' he inquired politely.

''Plix, of course,'' came the puzzled reply.

• • •

AN ENGLISHMAN, a Scotsman and a Welshman were out for a walk when they came across a sheep with its head stuck in a fence.

The Englishman looked at the sheep's hindquarters. ''I wish it was the barmaid at the 'Screw and Sproggit'.''

''I wish it was the barmaid's mother,'' said the Scotsman.

''I just wish it was dark,'' said the Welshman, sheepishly.

• • •

SALLY ARRIVED home from her date in a good mood. She was so ecstatic that she dumped her clothes all over her bedroom and kicked her knickers up into the air.

The next morning at breakfast her mother asked her if she'd had a good time.

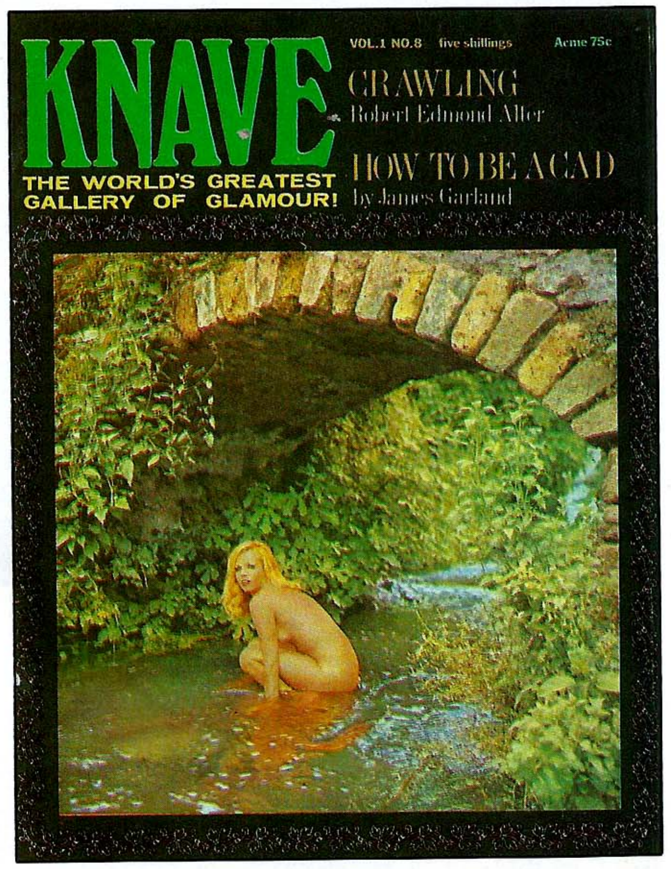
''Yeah,'' said Sally, licking her lips and wriggling her hips.

''I thought as much,'' sighed her mother. ''Your knickers are still stuck to the ceiling.''

• • •

TEXANS — living proof that the Indians screwed buffalo.

JOKER



SNATCH
From The PAST

Happy Christmas? Happy Birthday? Happy coming of age? All three as BOB MORRISON looks back to 1968.

What does 1968 mean to you? Mini-skirts, hallucinogenic summers, cow-bells? Me neither. True nostalgia buffs, of course, won't have a moment's hesitation. 1968, and more specifically December 1968, means one thing and one thing only: the appearance of Knave volume one number one.

Like the Knave you've all grown to love this 1968 vintage prided itself on its international appeal. It was subtitled: The World's Greatest Gallery Of Glamour. The international bit didn't stop with the women, the magazine was originally printed in Italy. Now, of course, it's printed in romantic, rural Essex.

Things sounded slightly cheaper then, but real prices don't seem to have changed all that much. Knave was a snip at five shillings an issue. Mind you, the new monthly had a slight hiccup at birth. Eager buyers had to wait until March 1969 to get their hands on the second issue. Production soon improved!

The original magazine was a mixture of some colour but mostly black and white photographs. As you can see from these illustrations, the early Knave was very much a product of its times. The decor, knickers, tights, and kinky leather boots all locate it firmly at the end of a famous decade. Not that it could, or should, have been anything else. Knave's always been a sensitive mirror reflecting contemporary trends and interests as far as legislation will allow it.

Back in those days, there lived a little Knave figure who decorated various key pages. A sort of smiling version of the King (I suppose even a Knave can look regal when the occasion calls for it — you ought to see the Editor when he's got a suit on) in *The Wizard of Id*. By the second issue the Knave figure had taken up residence on the front cover. However, he didn't stay there too long, he'd gone again by the time the fourth issue hit the nation's magazine shelves. Look out for his modern day counterpart on the contents page of the new look Knave, available now at all good, moderately disreputable newsagents.

A Knave, as you all know, isn't just a humble playing card, it's the most colourful character in the whole pack. A bit of a rogue, rascally but stylish with it — just like the magazine, in fact.

In the first year that Knave was published, the jokes were as painful as they are

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SNATCH FROM THE PAST

continued from page 109

now. The cartoons were as good as ever. There wasn't any Slug, but some vintage Larry and Roy Nixon cartoons appeared in those first issues. And the girl blurbs back there were more polished than the efforts churned out by most of our competitors today!

There were no book reviews to be found. But there was a mail order book library. William Burrough's *The Naked Lunch* jostled cheek by jowel with Desmond Morris's *The Naked Ape*. Thrown in for good measure were a selection of The Marquis de Sade's offerings and any number of down to earth sex books.

Features were run on all sorts of themes. Carson Dawes, for instance, gave us a guarded introduction to the occult in 'How To Be A Witch'. Dawes went straight to the heart of the matter in a way that ensured no Knave reader would ever get mixed up in anything diabolical — to be a witch you have to give up certain things, he told us, chief amongst which is *drinking*!

For anyone foolish enough to want to carry on with witchcraft, he pointed out that you also need to catch a mouse and eat its entrails in the first hour of the third

continued on page 113

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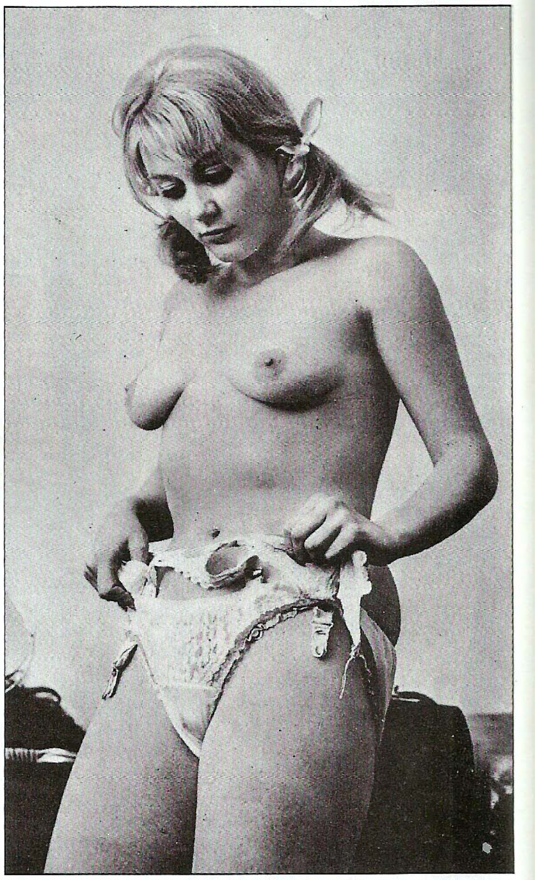


SNATCH FROM THE PAST

continued from page 111

Wednesday of any month except January. All that just so as you can make women go bald and give them warts! Any Knave reader worth his salt could think of better things to do with women than that.

'How To Be A Cad' gave the low down on Knavish (in the worst possible sense) behaviour. A very laudable piece it was too.

Another article gave advice on assorted aphrodisiacs. There was even a light hearted look at the stupidity of criminals who manage to bungle their way into the newspapers (*Did Bill Lythgoe write for us as long ago as that? — Asst. Ed.*) (*Doubtful, we wouldn't have let him get away with it for all this time. — Ed.*)

The very first issue carried a classic story: 'The Little Spy' by Ellery Queen. Other pieces were based in Vietnam, dealing with love and politics in the war. There was a story of tension and suspense about army ants (!) in the Brazilian bush. From the swamps of Louisiana and the sordid foothills of Hollywood to the more familiar jungles of Shaftesbury Avenue, Knave ranged over them all. The fiction occupied a regular monthly slot, and featured well crafted short stories, just like the new regular fiction slot aims to do.

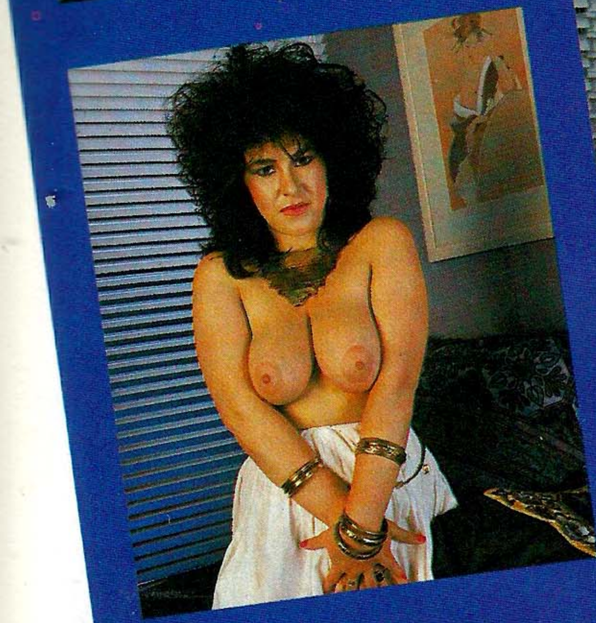
I wonder what Knave will look like in another eighteen years time?

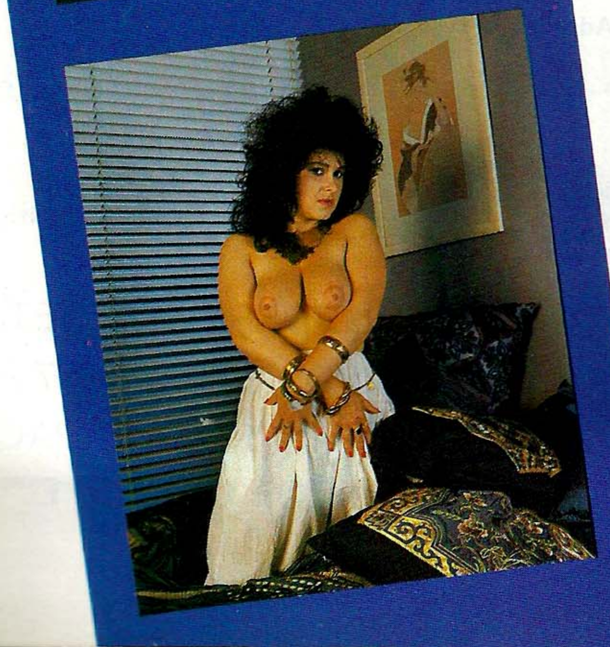
Joline

"No person of either one gender or the other is an island entire of itself." The immortal words (revised and abridged by the Campaign for Keeping Sexism out of Classical Quotations) may not even have entered Joline's pretty young head. She is, you see, a Frenchie, and therefore, almost by definition, not a hot-shot at English lit.

She's definitely a romantic though. After a particularly hot afternoon reading Sartre and Merleau-Ponty through the bottom of a bottle of vin du pays she decided to swim out and find an island paradise in a sea of troubles. Three and a bit times, she swam round Africa before giving up and stopping for a rest at this popular resort. She was last heard of sleeping it all off in a passion-fruit plantation. Heigh-ho.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CAYROL STEVENS





AMATEUR MODEL

A lot of girls do it – how about you? If you want to become one of our Amateur Models, fill in the form at the end of this feature and send us some rude photos of yourself. Polaroids will do, at least two completely nude – front and back view.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY IAN POTTER

LINDA JONES

Linda is a girl who has been around a bit. Born in the States, she came over t England in 1966 when she was a mere slip of a thing. Brighton, Worthing, Spalding and Coventry played temporary hosts to her as she battled her way through the English educationa system.

Now she lives in Wigan, where she works in a record shop. Her ambition is to go into modelling full-time; she'd like to appear in adverts if she can ever get hold of an Equity card. Her hobbies include sex and serious drinking – enough to enamour her to most of the members of this office!

AMATEUR MODEL FORM

AMATEUR MODEL FORM

Send to: KNAVE AMATEUR MODEL FEATURE, P.O. BOX 312, WITHAM, ESSEX CM8 3SZ.

MODEL'S NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

TELEPHONE NO. ....

DATE OF BIRTH ....

SIGNATURE ....

PHOTOGRAPHER'S NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

TELEPHONE NO. ....

SIGNATURE ....

DATE PHOTOS TAKEN ....

If we like the photos you send us, we'll invite you to our studio for a day's modelling — and pay you £200! And we'll pay £25 to whoever took your photos. We provide a professional make-up artist and photographer — and an enjoyable day out! Come on, girls, let's see your photos!

REDINKA

They try. God, these photographers do try. The red and white stuff's seasonal, I suppose. But the barbers' pole leaves me cold. Apparently there's a run on reindeer kebabs this year, so traditional festive flashing extravaganzas are a bit thin on the ground. Undeterred, we improvise and bring you Redinka: a red-blooded Dane with a sweet tooth. Come to that the rest of her is passably sweet too!

PHOTOGRAPHED BY VICTOR BRUUN

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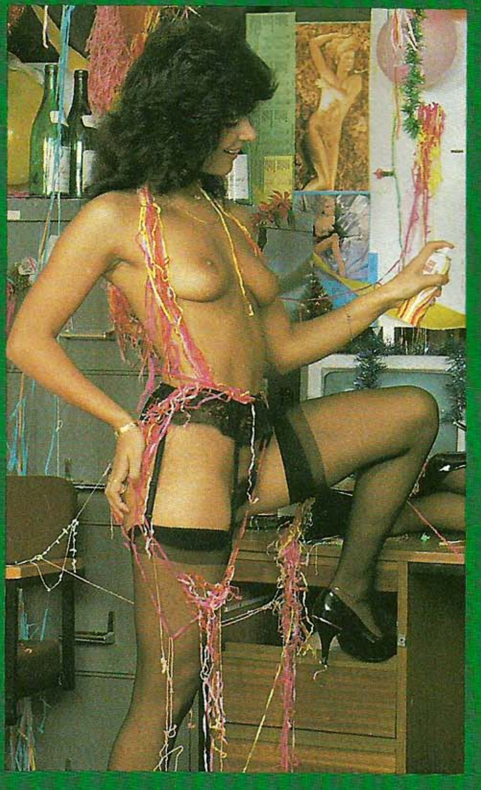
SAIL AWAY WITH THE NEW KNAVE
MORE FUN & MORE GIRLS!

KNAVE



KNAVE
SAIL AWAY WITH THE NEW KNAVE

Shivani & Alison

A bit of a bummer, this year's Christmas party. The drunks and perverts who pretend to work for Knave were hijacked en route in the company charabanc. Luckily, Shivani and Alison travelled separately. As you can tell, they're very much in party mood. With a bit of luck they'll still be flaunting their rudies when we get released.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY AUSTIN LEGREW

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SAIL AWAY WITH THE NEW KNAVE

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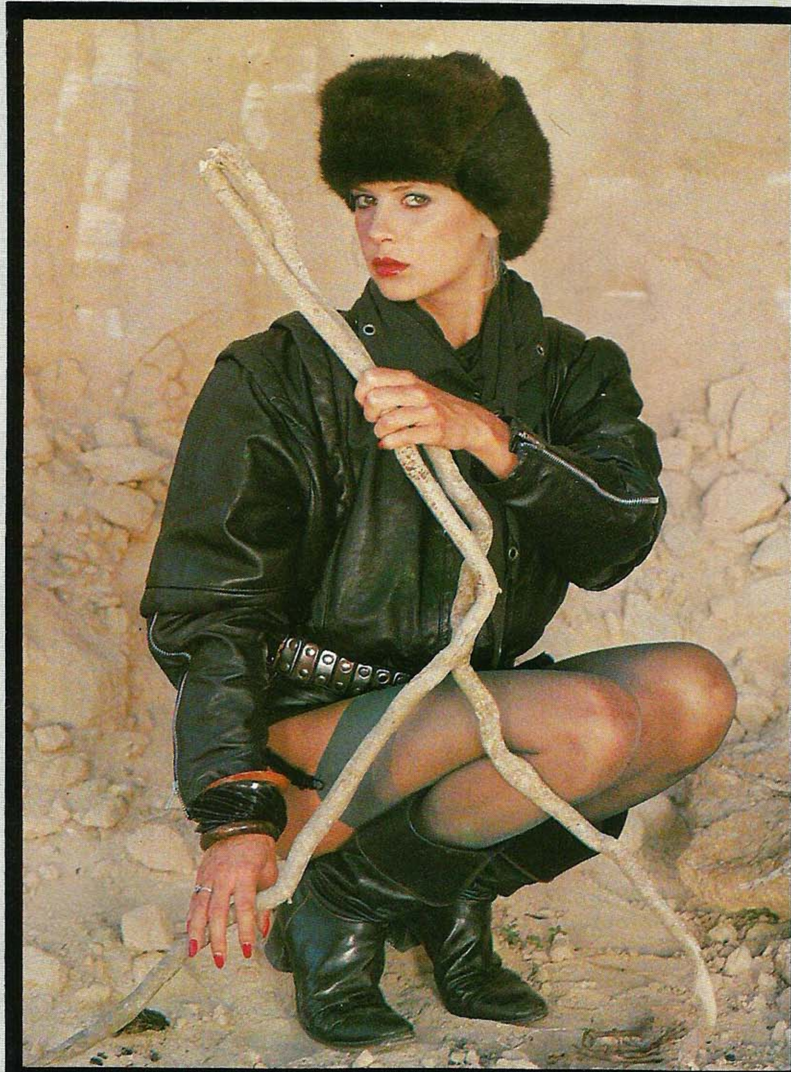
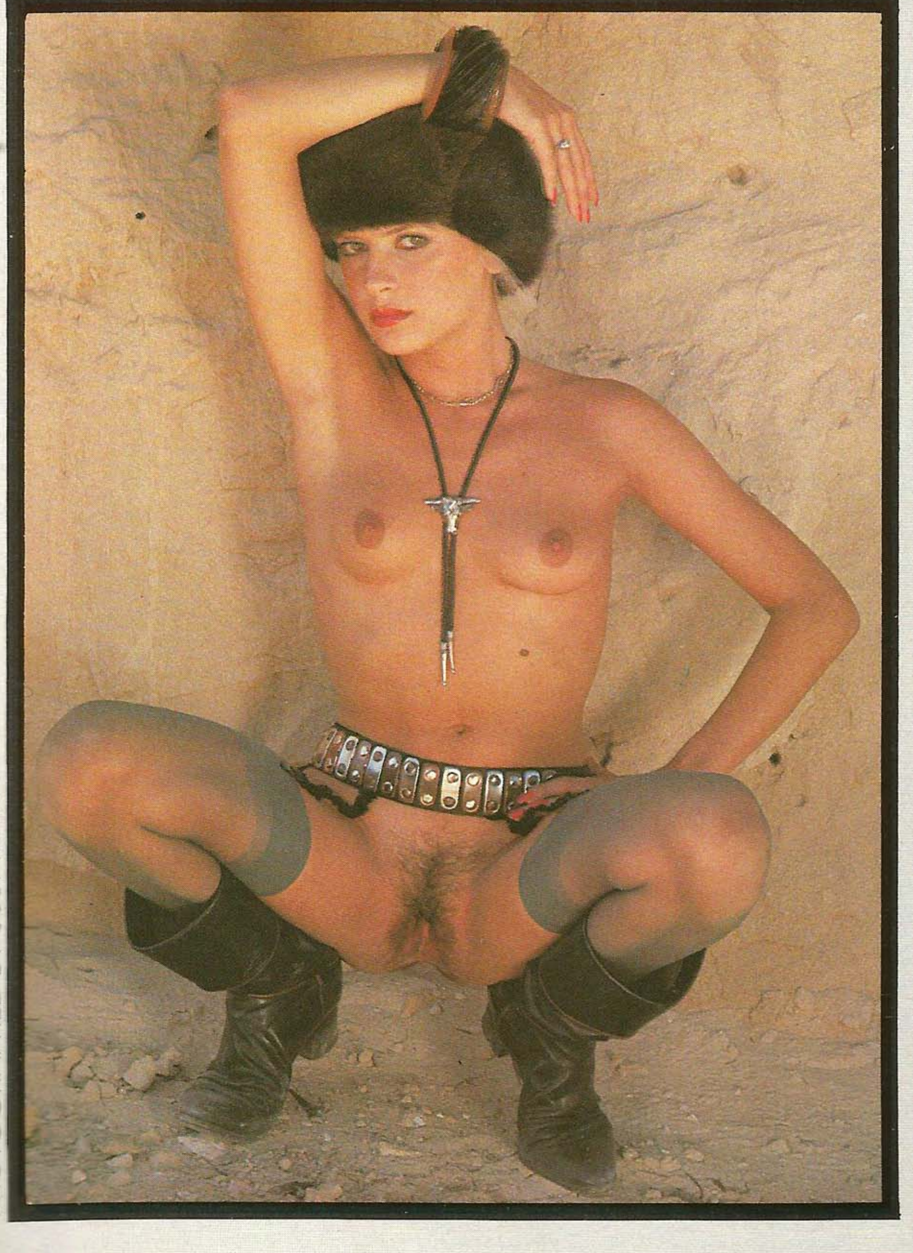


SOLVIG

An ēmigrē from the frozen wastelands of the north, Solvig is a bona fide dissident. Forced to flee the place of her birth after appearing naked in a satirical review, she has roamed the world searching for a friendly place where she's free to warm her pudenda by an open fire.

Anne Létoile
Monique Mame
Madeleine Peter
ne



PHOTOGRAPHED BY JUST MARR

After giving her a bed for the night and indulging in a spot of sweaty international relations, El Gutto the Editor asked her if she harboured thoughts of ever going back to her homeland. "No," she sighed, "I'm afraid that I can never go back to Edinburgh."

VOLETA

Voleta is a girl who really knows her onions (sorry about that). A cracker of a cook (sorry). A girl to whisk (whoops) your emotions to boiling point (damn, done it again).

Quite frankly, we were a bit worried about the kitchen aspects. It's all too easy for these things to degenerate to the level of a Fiesta fiasco. But Voleta, whose hobbies include being nice to old folks, crushing garlic and croissant wrestling, promised to behave.

I suppose she just got carried away. I mean, I don't know whether the art-room johnnies are going to put those pictures in the magazine, and even if they do they'll only put the tame ones in, but believe me it's amazing the things you can do in a sparsely equipped kitchen.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ERIC LABBE